JOHN BULL, JULY 2, 1932

£10,000 IN HOLIDAY PRIZES SEE PAGE 35

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE
Vol. LII.
1359.

'Here's Great News you fellows'

"232" FLANNELS

PRICE REDUCTION

A Frank Statement

To-day over 3,000,000 men in Great Britain are regular "232" wearers. The ever growing demand has now made it possible to tailor "232" garments more economically without swerving an inch from the essentials which have placed "232's" in the front rank. This price advantage the Makers have decided shall be passed on to "232" customers.

These are far from ordinary times—and the Makers of "232" feel very strongly that it is up to them, and indeed everybody, both firms and individuals, to make things as easy as possible for the buyer—*hence this genuine reduction in price.*

When making your purchase remember that ever since "232's" were first introduced to the public they have honestly brought a higher standard of Flannel Trouser value within the reach of every man. *The new price places "232's" in a class by themselves as the ideal wear for every day and holiday.*

IN FOUR SHADES
68 FITTINGS

13/9

OUTSIZES
SLIGHTLY EXTRA

FREE BOOKLET

Ask your retailer for a free copy of the new booklet which tells you all you want to know about "232," "Sandom" Handycoats and "Centacort," or write direct to "232," Manager of Sales, 38, Wood Street, London, E.C.2.

"232" Grey Flannels are obtainable in West Africa solely from the stores of the United Africa Co., Ltd., and Associated Companies.

'SANDOM' HANDYCOATS

Only the makers of "232" could produce a sports jacket of appropriate worth and quality to be worn on all "232" occasions. "Sandom" Handycoats are unquestionably the finest sporting tweed jackets in style, value and variety ever offered at so low a price.

27/6

21/- and Super 35/-

"232" JUNIOR GREY FLANNELS

Complete ranges of this popular Flannel are obtainable in the following styles and prices:

Boys'	Shorts	5/11
„	Trousers	12/9
„	S.B. Jacket & Shorts	18/9
	(*Lined foreparts*)	21/-
„	D.B. Jacket & Shorts.	21/-
	(*Lined foreparts*)	23/6
„	S.B. Blazer & Trousers	30/6
„	D.B. Blazer & Trousers	32/6

(Overseas buyers requiring a valuable National Line in territories where "232" is not already on sale should apply to Dept. J.B., "232 Overseas," 38, Wood Street, E.C.2.)

THERE'S STEADFAST WEAR IN EVERY PAIR!

Your final opportunity!

£15,000 for 6d.

ENTRY FORM J.B. 7
NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

Choose the best Twelve of the 28 Slogans by placing a X against those selected in the blank spaces provided below. Each column represents one sixpenny entry. INSERT TWELVE CROSSES ONLY IN EACH COLUMN YOU COMPLETE—OR YOU WILL BE DISQUALIFIED. No order of merit required. *Ink must be used.*

Animal Lovers Contest!

		One Entry 6d.	Two Entries 1/-	Three Entries 1/6	Four Entries 2/-	Five Entries 2/6
1	I'd give my life for you. What will you give for me?					
2	Please help the pal that never lets you down.					
3	A Gift in Time Saves a Life Like Mine.					
4	I'm game enough for anything, are YOU game enough to help me?					
5	"Man-kind" they call you:—DO prove that it's true!					
6	Kindness towards Dumb Creatures is a step towards Heaven.					
7	I gave you my "Faith," Can I "Hope" for your "Charity"?					
8	As one Sport to another, please give us a leg up.					
9	I am dumb, but I do hope you aren't deaf					
10	I'll give the "Nick" if you'll give the pennies.					
11	Your "Generosity" will be rewarded with "Dumb" gratitude.					
12	You'd love to help me? Thanks. I'd LOVE you to.					
13	Your life is your own, but mine is in your hands.					
14	Be a Pal and Help a Pal.					
15	We LIVE for you—won't you GIVE for us?					
16	A little help in time is better than a lot too late.					
17	Affectionate and True, in return, I look for help from you.					
18	You can depend on me. Can I depend on you?					
19	You loved me when in health; now give me health—for love.					
20	Animals suffer in silence—Don't be "silent" to their sufferings.					
21	We can't speak—but we look to you to see us through.					
22	A silent appeal calling for a sound response.					
23	I'm game when I'm well, so play the game when I'm not.					
24	You taught me begging for sport, be a sport now. I'm begging.					
25	Please spare a fraction for a pal out of action.					
26	With my eyes I plead for the help I need.					
27	Appealing little beggar, aren't I? Can I "touch" you?					
28	Faithful always to you—now do your bit for me.					

You can use this form for one or more entries, but must send entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each attempt.

Insert twelve crosses only in each column you complete. No order of merit required.

I agree to abide by the Rules, and enclose

P.O. Number ..... value ..... covering ..... entries

P.O. is crossed & Co./ and is made payable to The Royal Veterinary College.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS (Block Letters) .....

.....

Please write clearly in ink. Place three-halfpenny stamp on your envelope.) J.B.7

Cut Along Here

£15,000 for 6d.

ENTRY FORM J.B. 8
NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

Choose the best Twelve of the 28 Slogans by placing a X against those selected in the blank spaces provided below. Each column represents one sixpenny entry. INSERT TWELVE CROSSES ONLY IN EACH COLUMN YOU COMPLETE—OR YOU WILL BE DISQUALIFIED. No order of merit required. *Ink must be used.*

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		One Entry 6d.	Two Entries 1/-	Three Entries 1/6	Four Entries 2/-	Five Entries 2/6
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SIGNED .....

ADDRESS (Block Letters) .....

.....

Please write clearly in ink. Place three-halfpenny stamp on your envelope.) J.B.8

Cut Along Here

GREAT 'ANIMAL LOVERS' CONTEST

£15,000 for 6D.

THESE are positively the very last Entry Forms to be published in "John Bull" in connection with the great Animal Lovers Contest. **It is your very last opportunity to help the animals and to secure a fortune. Act instantly before it is too late.**

All that you are asked to do is to read carefully the 28 slogans shown on the Entry Forms, and from these select the best twelve. Remember you are not asked to place the slogans in order of merit. Just indicate your choice by placing 12 crosses only in each entry column you complete. Twelve crosses, skill and sixpence may bring you the colossal fortune of £15,000. This Contest is open to all—every reader of "John Bull" may enter. Someone must win the huge first prize. Why not you?

IMPORTANT NOTICE

The closing date for the great Animal Lovers Contest is Saturday, July 2nd, but in order to make every allowance for postal delays, and to make reasonable provision for competitors living in outlying areas, all entries for this contest which arrive not later than first post on

SATURDAY, JULY 9th

will be accepted.

If your entry is already in, send another—and another. On the left you will find two Entry Forms—each providing room for five entries. Increase your opportunities of winning while there is yet time, and get your family to enter, too.

Reach for your pen, mark your entries, and post at once. It's now or never for £10,000 or £15,000!

HURRY! HURRY!! HURRY!!!

Address your entry: (Dept. J.B. 7), Royal Veterinary College, Appeal Headquarters, 103, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

£10,000 First Prize—An extra £5,000 will be awarded to the winner, making £15,000 in all, if he or she should be a registered reader of the "Daily Herald." 2nd Prize £500; 3rd Prize £250.

The whole of the Prize money is guaranteed by the "Daily Herald" and the whole of the profits will be handed over to the Royal Veterinary College.

Organised by the Royal Veterinary College in conjunction with the "Daily Herald."

This Appeal is supported by: Lt.-Col. Sir Merrik R. Burrell, Bart., C.B.E. (Chairman); Most Hon. the Marquis of Crewe, K.G.; Rt. Hon. the Earl Bathurst, C.M.G.; Rt. Hon. the Earl of Harewood, K.G.; Rt. Hon. the Earl of Yarborough; Rt. Hon. Lord Daresbury, C.V.O.; Rt. Hon. Lord Glanely; Rt. Hon. Lord Harlech, C.B.; Rt. Hon. Lord Mildmay of Flete; Rt. Hon. Lord Woolavington, K.C.V.O.; Major Sir Leonard Brassey, Bart., M.P.; Sir Ralph Jackson, M.R.C.V.S.; Maj.-Gen. Sir John Moore, K.C.M.G., C.B., F.R.C.V.S.; Lt.-Col. Sir Archibald Weigall, K.C.M.G.; Major F. T. G. Hobday, C.M.G., F.R.C.V.S., F.R.S.E.; W. Parkin-Moore, Esq.; Lt-Col. E. W. Stanyforth, C.B.; Capt. Robert Brassey.

Rules and Conditions.

(1) Entry Form must be filled in as directed in ordinary ink and must not be mutilated or altered. **TWELVE CROSSES ONLY** must be written in the blank spaces provided in any one column used.

(2) Spaces for up to five entries have been provided on each form, and the subscription for the competition is sixpence per entry. Postage stamps cannot be accepted in payment of the entry money. Entries may only be made on printed forms provided.

(3) In the case of a competitor sending insufficient money to cover all the entries made by him, the Judges will treat such number of his entries as would be covered by the entry money received as proper entries in the Competition, the remaining entries being disqualified. The entries eligible to be selected will be from Number 1 upwards to the total of the entry fee paid.

(4) Entrants must write their name and usual address on each Entry Form and all completed Entry Forms must be neatly cut out and sent by the competitor to ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE, APPEAL HEADQUARTERS, 103, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

(5) After the close of the competition the list of 28 slogans will be submitted to a Committee of Experts who will decide the best Twelve. The competitor whose twelve selections in any one entry column agree or most nearly agree with the decision of this Committee will be awarded the first prize, the next nearest will receive the second prize, and so on. The entries will be checked under the supervision of Messrs. Hugh Macrae and Co., Chartered Accountants, London.

(6) In the event of a tie or ties, the prizes so affected will be divided. If the first prize is divided the additional prize of £5,000 will be similarly divided and only such shares of the additional £5,000 paid to the prize-winners as are won by registered readers of the "Daily Herald." No entrant can win more than one prize or one share of any prize.

(7) The Royal Veterinary College reserves the right to disqualify any entrant for reasons which its Council considers good and sufficient, and the decision of the Council of the College upon any point whatsoever shall be accepted as final and legally binding. The Royal Veterinary College takes no responsibility for any entry form lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

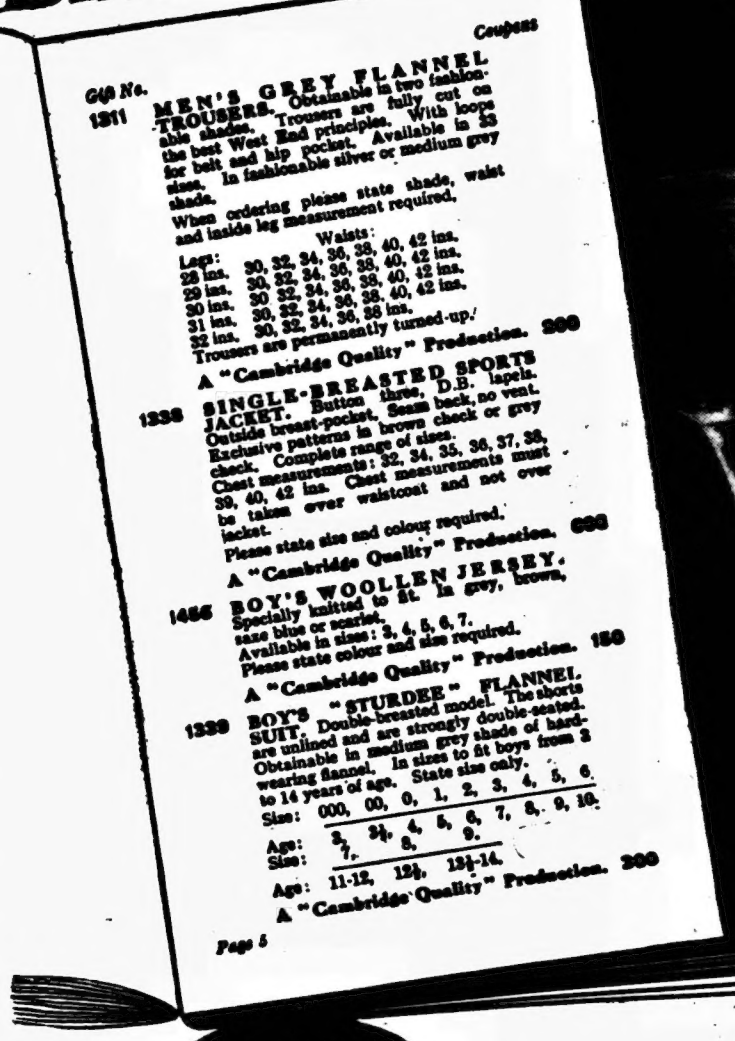
(8) Employees of the Royal Veterinary College and the "Daily Herald" and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

(9) The closing date is Saturday, July 2nd; but competitors are requested to send in their entries as early as possible. The names of the prize-winners will be published in the "Daily Herald" on a date to be announced, and every prize-winner will be individually notified.

(10) Failure to comply with any of the rules involves disqualification.

CLOSING JULY 2nd—POST NOW!

A page from the wonderful New* Black Cat GIFT BOOK de-luxe



Coupons

Gift No.

1211 MEN'S GREY FLANNEL TROUSERS. Obtainable in two fashionable shades. Trousers are fully cut on the best West End principles. With loops for belt and hip pocket. Available in 33 sizes. In fashionable silver or medium grey shade.
When ordering please state shade, waist and inside leg measurement required.

Legs:	Waists:
28 ins.	30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 ins.
29 ins.	30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 ins.
30 ins.	30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 ins.
31 ins.	30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 ins.
32 ins.	30, 32, 34, 36, 38 ins.

Trousers are permanently turned-up.
A "Cambridge Quality" Production. 200

1338 SINGLE-BREASTED SPORTS JACKET. Button three, D.B. lapels. Outside breast-pocket. Seam back, no vent. Exclusive patterns in brown check or grey check. Complete range of sizes.
Chest measurements: 32, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 42 ins. Chest measurements must be taken over waistcoat and not over jacket.
Please state size and colour required.
A "Cambridge Quality" Production. 600

1485 BOY'S WOOLLEN JERSEY. Specially knitted to fit. In grey, brown, saxe blue or scarlet.
Available in sizes: 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.
Please state colour and size required.
A "Cambridge Quality" Production. 150

1339 BOY'S "STURDEE" FLANNEL SUIT. Double-breasted model. The shorts are unlined and are strongly double-seated. Obtainable in medium grey shade of hard-wearing flannel. In sizes to fit boys from 3 to 14 years of age. State size only.

Size:	000,	00,	0,	1,	2,	3,	4,	5,	6,
Age:	3,	3½,	4,	5,	6,	7,	8,	9,	10.
Size:	7,		8,		9.				
Age:	11-12,		12½,		13½-14.				

A "Cambridge Quality" Production. 300

Page 5

72 PAGES THIS SIZE BOOK Nº 13 WITH FINE COLOUR ILLUSTRATIONS

In this book page after page shows gift values far in excess of anything yet offered to the smoking public. This range of free gifts is far larger than ever listed by anyone before and the quality and excellence of the gifts surpass the wildest expectations. You get bigger gift value per packet of cigarettes purchased and you smoke a guaranteed 100% pure cigarette.

Black Cat coupons are worth more to-day than ever before!

Don't delay . . . fill in the coupon for this wonderful gift book . . . right now!

you get

Black Cat

100% PURE VIRGINIA 'QUALITY'

and far finer gifts!

★CUT THIS OUT

Please send me NEW 13th Edition Black Cat FREE GIFT BOOK with colour illustrations and a "start-off" of 5 FREE coupons.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Address to
BLACK CAT 'GIFTS DEPT. 8'
Arcadia Works, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.1

A GREATER RANGE OF QUALITY GIFTS AND BIGGER VALUES THAN EVER

5 COUPONS IN EVERY 20 PACKET BLACK CAT RED BAND 1/-

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,

for Week ending Saturday, July 2, 1932 Twopence.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d. 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 2468.
Telegrams: HEROICALLY, LONDON.

We have the "goods" to sell—but what's the use if we miss the boat?

Mouldy Bread:

A STORY *with a* MORAL

WE haven't learned the lesson yet!

In face of an economic blizzard, a world depression, and a vanishing export trade, we still think we can muddle along and it'll all come right in the end.

We don't seem to have realised fully yet that tariff walls and being off the gold standard will not help us to sell our goods abroad unless those goods are recognised to be *the finest in the world.*

They used to be. They very often are now, though not perhaps as often as they might be.

But we've got to make the foreigner know that when he sees "Made in Britain" on an article, he is getting the world's best. He used to know it. But does he know it, and believe it, to-day?

Without Fear or Favour

We've got to see that the label does not carry with it the stigma of shoddiness that thirty years ago used to attach to the legend "Made in Germany."

And this is the very lesson we have not yet learned thoroughly—and the proof was to be found at the World Bread Exhibition in Rome last week.

Samples of bread from all over the world were exhibited—from countries as far distant as Norway and China and Peru.

Included in the exhibits was bread from London, Hull, Liverpool and Leeds.

And it was mouldy!

Out of the thirty-eight nations, we competed for bottom place with some insignificant countries in the Levant.

What a fine advertisement for this country at a time when we are supposed to be straining every nerve to prove to the foreigner that British is still best.

Naturally the foreigner will say: "If their bread is mouldy, their other products are." And who can blame him?

We know that British bread is very good—and that it was probably some slackness or culpable error in the means of transit that resulted in these specimens being mouldy when the day of the exhibition came.

BUT the fact remains that, when it was shown, it was mouldy.

We maintain that somebody should have been on the spot to see that our exhibits were in good condition or else to withdraw them. If there were British representatives at the exhibition who had this authority and didn't exercise it, then they ought, commercially speaking, to be "put on the spot."

We don't live by bread alone, but we do live by our commerce. And for that reason we cannot afford bad publicity and wretched business staff work when it applies, as it does, not only to bread alone, but to the way we sell, or fail to sell, our products generally.

Our countrymen abroad have repeatedly complained that when Britain does take part in any Continental show she seldom makes the best of her opportunities.

At the last Paris exhibition many British firms spent a great deal of money to show their goods, but several of them could not see that the first outlay had to be backed up by proportionate running expenses.

They were not adequately represented at the exhibition itself. They didn't send salesmen to run their stalls to the best advantage.

"Our goods speak for themselves" seems to have been their motto. Well, they don't. They only *whisper* the word "quality" and the whisper is not heard until the goods have been tried out.

And there is a danger to-day that some of our goods will not even whisper the word quality if certain misguided manufacturers make cheap shoddy goods, as they are tempted to do by trade depression and the decline in incomes.

Theirs is a perilous policy, and we warn them that even a little of it will go a long way to destroy the great reputation enjoyed by British products.

WE don't want to lose markets that way. We have lost enough already because of the mould of arrogance, ignorance and apathy with which some of our business brains are encrusted.

Just before the great Buenos Aires exhibition a dozen or so British firms of good standing had an enterprising notion. They took whole pages in the leading Buenos Aires newspapers and, over a period, they published group advertisements of their products.

Yet only one of those firms gave a Buenos Aires address. Several were not represented there at all.

Again, at the recent British Industries Fair, with all its wonderful and impressive panorama of our vast commerce, many stalls displaying marvellously attractive goods of all kinds were left in the hands of juniors who knew little about their wares and were powerless to do business.

One Continental buyer was so impressed with some beautiful Lancashire cotton fabric that he asked for terms for a 20,000-yard order.

The stall attendants couldn't quote him a price or give him any particulars whatever. They could only refer him to their firm's office in the City which "looked after all that kind of business." The order was lost.

That is merely one case within our own knowledge, but there must have been scores of others, for many of the most admirably furnished stalls were left in charge of utterly inefficient salesmen.

Is it any wonder that the Prince of Wales, who in his travels abroad has seen endless possibilities of business lost to us because our manufacturers won't follow them up, has stressed the fact that "buying British" is nothing like enough, and that "selling British" is even more important?

Our country is an old-established firm with the most marvellous goodwill, but that is not good enough in the highly competitive world of to-day.

She has got to put her travellers on the road, she has got to "ginger up" her sales organisation and get experts to look after her publicity and advertising, or her business must continue to decline, her profits to fall away, and even her oldest customers to be won over by competitors.

HAPPILY, some of our manufacturers are beginning to show more initiative—beginning to realise the vital need for salesmanship and effective publicity.

But they are still too timid, too apt to spoil a fine campaign by economy panics at the wrong moment.

Many of them are beginning to accept the long-sighted policy of casting one's bread upon the waters. It's a fine policy, but, in the name of common-sense, let us make certain that the bread we cast is not mouldy.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Britain is One Up at Half-Time, 1932

HALF-TIME, 1932!

And it sees Britain one up in the game of holding her own against the world economic blizzard.

The gloomiest things were prophesied to happen during the six months that have just passed. The prophets, almost without exception, were false.

We are, as Mr. Baldwin has just reminded us, probably better off at the moment than any other country in the world.

Our best slogan

Unemployment is up, but our Budget is balanced.

The £ has not crashed. And, far from being bankrupt, some of us have even money to save.

Saving is good, but wise spending is better.

It makes the wheels of industry go round.

We have said that for months, and now Mr. Baldwin has said it.

"Keep spending!" We cannot begin the second half of 1932 with any better slogan than that.

Reshuffle

Look out for changes in the Government.

A new President of the Board of Education will have to be appointed, owing to the death of Sir Donald Maclean.

And Lord Hailsham, the Secretary for War, may be found another job. The Premier would like to give him more to do, and may make him a Minister without portfolio. In that event Lord Hailsham's services could be used where they are most needed.

It is rumoured, too, that Mr. Neville Chamberlain's health may induce him to resign.

We told them

They read JOHN BULL. And they take notice of what we say.

We recently published an article deploring that the taxpayers' money is being used to provide council houses for car-owning and fur-coated occupants.

Now some householders on the London County Council estates at Bellingham, Becontree and Downham have been politely told to buy their houses or get out.

In Scotland, lawyers and stockbrokers are living in subsidised houses.

Will other councils follow the L.C.C.'s example, so that their houses can be obtained by the people for whom they were intended?

Russia buys red

There are too many red herrings in politics—and not enough in trade affairs.

So the Government did a good thing in arranging for a trade commissioner to explain the food value of Scottish red herrings to the Russians.

As a result Russia has bought 100,000 barrels of them—and Scottish fisherfolk are smiling.

Sign of the times

Many women with Master of Arts or Bachelor of Arts degrees have had to take jobs as junior typists at thirty shillings a week. Some can't get any sort of job.

Now they are asking M.P.s to frame a migration scheme to provide work for them in the Dominions. We wish them luck.

The golden lever

What is France up to?

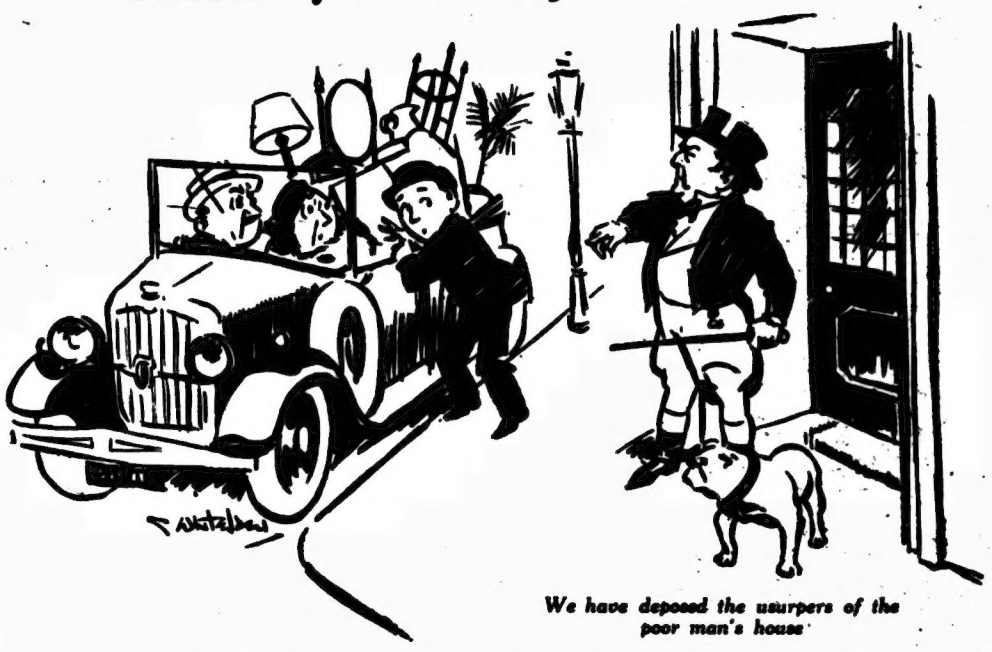
It has more gold now than banknotes. What is the object of this great accumulation?

Some people fear that it may be used as a golden lever for enabling France to get her own way in international affairs.

But if matters went too far, the United States could lead the few remaining countries on the Gold Standard to follow Britain's example, and so leave France high and dry.

We Evict the Luxury Tenants

Cheers for a Boy Hero!



We have deposed the usurpers of the poor man's house

Drowsy

The bankers are still nodding.

The value of cheques issued by the London Bankers' Clearing House has fallen by £63,000,000 in a year.

Well, the Bankers' Industrial Development Company should do something. It was formed by all the bankers to help trade, but has done practically nothing during its two years of existence.

Gentle hint

Employers of domestic servants must be careful.

Some have omitted to insure girls under the National Health Insurance scheme when they reach the age of sixteen.

Apart from the injustice to the girls, careless mistresses may be called upon to make up the arrears of contributions.

Workers' watchdogs

The Home Secretary must not allow the factory inspection system to be weakened on the plea of "economy."

Future vacancies in this department will not be automatically filled as in the past.

But the 113,000 industrial accidents reported last year prove that there is no excuse for the slackening of vigilance.

New judges?

A judicial reshuffle is likely.

Two judges, one in the King's Bench Division and the other in the Court of Appeal, are expected to retire very soon.

Mr. Justice Roche may go to the Appeal Court, and it is probable that Mr. J. D. Cassels, K.C., will be invited to become a judge.

Ruinous practice

Practice bombing by Royal Air Force machines, it is reported, is shaking Bridlington and killing thousands of fish in Bridlington Bay, one of the most important breeding grounds.

We hope we have only to bring this to the notice of the Air Ministry to get it stopped.

Chaperons for champions?

We are glad to see that a hundred athletes may be sent to represent Britain at the Olympic Games at Los Angeles this month.

But, as we said a few weeks ago, the blunder of sending a horde of officials with them must not be repeated.

The fewer "chaperons," the more competitors—and the more champions!

Cheer him!

Hundreds of people were walking on the Thames Embankment, London, when a girl was seen to be drowning.

James Dunn, a Kentish Town messenger boy, showed them what to do in such circumstances. He dived into the river fully clothed and rescued the girl.

Some of the men onlookers must have been ashamed.

Easy money

Here is the latest simple and ingenious form of theft.

All over the country, dozens of telephone kiosks are burgled every day.

In the last six months, seven hundred call-boxes in London alone were rifled, and £1,300—or nearly £2 a box—was taken.

The Postmaster-General should have the kiosks cleared more often.

Frauds on the poor

A plausible gentleman who gulled the public as a bogus theatrical agent, song publisher, printer, business man of manifold interests, and who filched the savings of unemployed people, has been sentenced at Chester to four years' penal servitude.

He is Ernest Ackroyd, whose numerous frauds were exposed in JOHN BULL so long ago as December, 1929.

Example to follow

This is the way to do it.

Employers and workers in several Welsh tinplate works are to discuss the ways of finding work for the industry's unemployed. One suggestion is that work should be pooled and hours shortened.

This is an example that might well be followed in other industries.

The only way

A London man, convicted at Stafford for dangerous driving, drove a heavy lorry at forty miles an hour past crossroads, though called upon by policemen to stop.

He had already been convicted twenty-seven times for similar offences, yet the magistrates merely imposed a trifling fine and two years' disqualification from driving.

Road-hogs with such records should be sent to prison.

Divorce disgrace

At a single sitting the other day Mr. Justice Langton made absolute 183 divorce decrees.

The petitioners had been compelled to wait six months, after proving their cases to the satisfaction of the court, before obtaining their freedom.

During that time they were under the vigilant eye of the King's Proctor, in case they committed the type of offence which was the ground of their own petition.

This degrading delay has to be borne by all divorce petitioners. Common decency demands that it should be abolished.

Degrading

More than sixty thousand people gaped at a young woman at Folkestone who was trying to break the world's fasting record for women.

If such people would curb their unhealthy curiosity we should soon see an end to these silly exhibitions.

Mournful

You will be rushed to hospital in a hearse if you are injured near Holywell, Flintshire.

The hearse is used both as an ambulance and for burials, a practice which is not only callous but unhealthy. It must be stopped.

The snatchers

The X.L. Company, of Queen Street Chambers, Maidenhead, is the name under which M. Slater seeks to do himself—and others—well.

He is one of the people who have "clerical homework" to offer, and will generously supply instructions for a fee of 3s. 6d.

So is A. R. Wheare, who calls himself the Astor Trading Company, of 229, Edgware Road, London, and wants a fee of 2s. 6d.

Once more we warn readers to ignore such impudence.

Poison tongues

Their tongues are still wagging.

Another vicar, this time at Sedgefield, Durham, has administered a sharp rebuke from the pulpit to malicious gossips.

Slanderous women used to be ducked in the river. We sometimes wish this drastic penalty had never been abolished.

Old offender

She is still at it.

Mrs Currie's latest enterprise is to advertise for a "respectable person, with strong financial backing," to take charge of a seaside home for children.

Time after time we have denounced her as the associate of Walter Blackburn, that arch-charity humbug, and she is still operating, we note, from an address in Bessborough Gardens, Westminster.

This is an address to remember—and to shun.

Efficiency house

An association with the high-sounding title of "The Business Transfer, Partnership, and Property Agents' Institute of Great Britain" is the latest enterprise of Efficiency House, Harrow, Middlesex, a concern which we have previously adversely commented on.

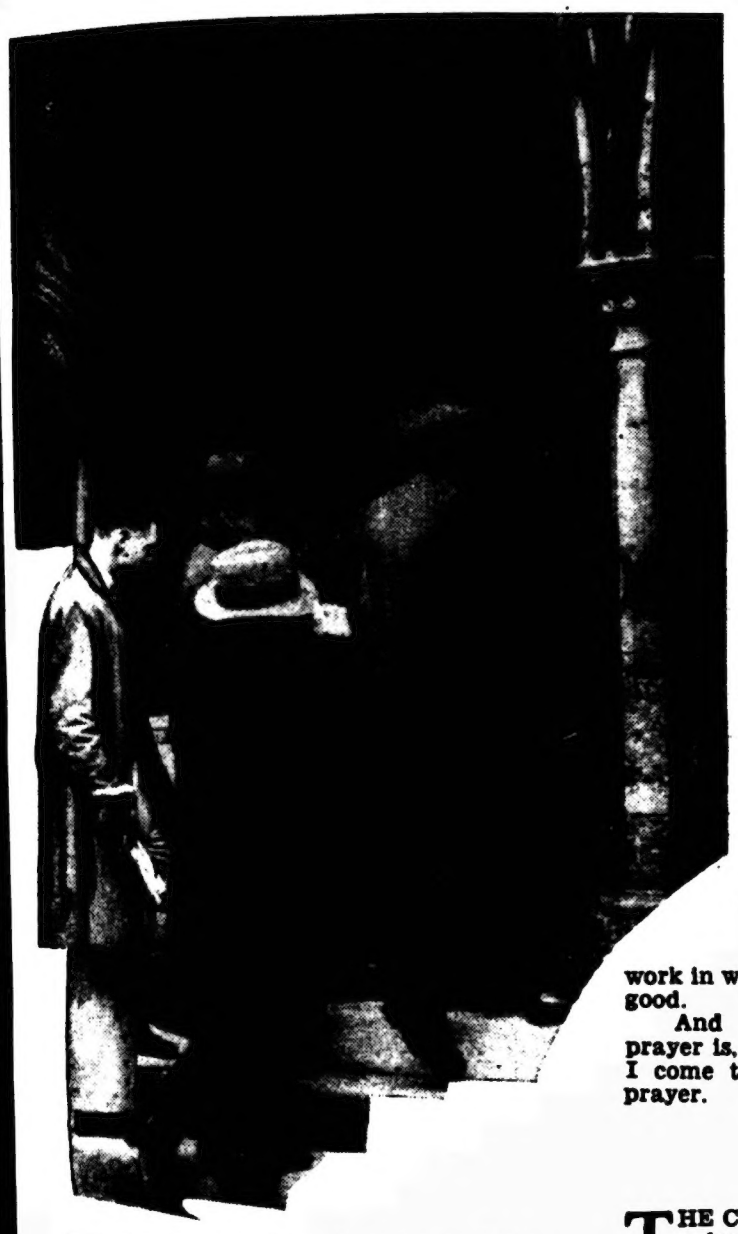
Naturally, it makes no mention of this comment in its literature.

We don't recommend Efficiency House.

A Prayer Week that WON'T DO!

by the Rev.
Clarence May

Rector of St. Peter's, Piccadilly Circus, and last year's Chaplain to the Lord Mayor of London



"If they know what they are to pray for they will respond"

A CLARION call to prayer has been issued by the churches of the City of London, in which all next week people will pray for the world in view of the plight in which it finds itself.

The City of London has shown in the past that it is not without the power of responding to a spiritual appeal when some special need for prayer has arisen.

Never—save perhaps at the most critical times of the war—has there been greater need for men and women to be found gathered together in earnest supplication than there is to-day.

We prayed during the war for the safety of our nation. To-day we are praying for the safety of civilisation.

When the vision fails . . .

BUT let us ask ourselves honestly whether we expect anything to come of it, supposing that all through this week of prayer we find City magnates and clerks, financial experts and office-boys kneeling together in humble supplication.

This thought is at the back of the minds of many people who, like myself, ponder on the value of this week of prayer.

I shall do my best to give an answer to this question—even if it entails a little well-meaning criticism.

It was G. K. Chesterton who said: "It is when your practical men have failed that you send for your theorist, and when your practical world has failed that you send to your University and dig out some forgotten professor from a remote laboratory."

The reason is this: The practical man is almost entirely a machine living on other people's ideas and applying them blindly. When things break down we need a thinker, a theorist, an idealist, to set them up again.

When the vision fails, the people perish.

Only the grossest materialist denies the power of prayer.

Prayer is the language of the soul, a voiceless conversation with the Unseen. And, furthermore, to pray is a natural instinct in man that can hardly be suppressed in times of danger.

The spontaneous use of this deep-rooted faith is far more usual than people imagine. Many of us really and sincerely pray without knowing it.

When a vast number of people want the same thing very badly (as at present everyone wants to save our civilisation from collapse), prayer can become a powerful motive force that sets working the wheels to bring about the desired object.

In prayer we all help each other, and in this sense one can see how prayer can make the world go round.

At the moment the world is not going round very well, hence the necessity for those special prayers in the City of London.

But there is one thing that all men who pray are perfectly certain about, and that is that prayer will not work unless you are in touch with the spirit of God.

Prayer must not be selfish. It must not be too personal. It must work in with the scheme of things for the general good.

And through this little analysis of what prayer is, and what it can and ought to achieve, I come to my criticism of the City's week of prayer.

Too selfish

THE City churches are called together to pray for a way out of the World Crisis. Excellent. But when one examines the pamphlets that have been issued, one finds that the prayers are for a way out only so far as it affects the City of London itself.

With all reverence, I say that only God can know what a week of prayer in the heart of the Empire might do for the world; and yet the effort that is to be made is far too self-centred, too complacent, too vague.

The only things set out definitely on the service sheet are the blessings already received in and through the City of London: splendid tradition, examples of loved and honoured men, the spirit of sociability, friendliness, generosity, compassion.

Afterwards comes a general thanksgiving.

Now Christ was a patriot. He loved His city very dearly, more dearly than any Englishman loves his beloved London. But He did not pat it on the back for its splendid traditions.

Christ wept over it.

One might well ask why, if everything has been so wonderful in the past as all this service sheet makes out, we should all be in the pretty mess which we are at present?

Then, having thanked God for His past mercies to the City of London, the pamphlet bids the City to pray for the future—"that we who live to-day may not be unworthy of those traditions, and may face our difficulties in the same high spirit of courage, good will and enterprise."

Has it forgotten?

TRADITIONS. Courage. Good will. Enterprise! It is all very well, but it is far too vague.

I am forced to ask: Is the City of London thinking only about itself? Has it forgotten, in this week of prayer, the cotton mills of Lancashire, the mines of South Wales? There must be greater things than traditions—even those of the City.

Surely, before the City of London calls its workers to prayer, it should have made up its mind what it wants them to pray for—made up its mind on such questions as Geneva, Lausanne, Disarmament?

How can the Church help the City—or the world—unless the Church knows its own mind?

When the City prays for the world, it should pray *with* the world. And the world would pray for something bigger than the preservation of tradition of the City of London.

If prayer means anything at all, it means that we can infuse the spirit of Christ into the conferences of the world; that with our Lord's help the minds of M. Herriot, Mr. MacDonald, the President of the United States and the rest may see the right way to save Humanity, and that their hearts may be guided along that path.

No, the City cannot pray for itself alone and neglect the rest of the world and its needs—or its prayers will not avail.

God will hear . . .

PRAYER must be sincere. The heart that utters it must be cleaned of all selfish desire. It is useless to utter well-sounding phrases which just please congregations.

The Church must not be afraid. It must not be scared of prayer—real prayer. It must be definite, and must lead.

The people of the City of London, or anywhere else, must know why they are praying and what they are praying for. Then, I think, there will be no doubt that they will pray sincerely and with faith in their hearts.

And God hears prayers like these.

But the City must not pray for a return of its own dignity and pomp and material comfort.

If it must confine its prayers to itself at a time when the world really needs them, let it pray that by its self-sacrifice and integrity to-day and in the future it will be a lesson to all men.

Such a prayer will bring us to our knees. Such a prayer will set our City on a hill, a light to them that sit in darkness, a guide to feet that seek the way of peace.

Told to "JOHN BULL" by

The Blunt Truth

WHENEVER tennis is in the limelight—as it always is at Wimbledon time—one invariably hears a good deal talked about the "shamateur."

By this term is meant the amateur player who makes a living, more or less, out of playing the game, though he (or she) would be shocked at being called a professional.

What is the truth about the tennis "shamateurs"? Do they really live in style on the secret perquisites of the game?

Well, though I have known most of the big tennis "stars" for the past twelve or thirteen years, and am pretty well aware of the sums they made out of "exes" and other sidelines, I have never known a player who made anything like a fortune out of the game.

But, of course, there are certain "advantages" which the top-notch players naturally enjoy from being in the limelight.

Not so much

What is the extent of these advantages?

In actual £ s. d. very little. A player I know, after taking part in practically every tournament held in England during a season, and after winning prizes at every one, collected barely £200 in prize money. Even the prize for the world championship at Wimbledon is only £10.

Nor is prize *money* a correct term. The rules of the International Federation do not allow an amateur to receive a prize in the form of money or he instantly becomes a professional.

So the rule is that the lucky winner receives an order for a certain amount on any shop or firm he likes to name. But he must not purchase with it any article of necessity.

At one time orders were only made out for jewellers' shops, but the rules are more elastic now and you are allowed to get in exchange for your order anything which does not come under the heading of necessity.

But "necessities" can cover a big field, and there is little doubt that when players wish to get useful articles with their orders it is fairly easy for them to arrange the matter without official knowledge.

Lucky Americans

The amateur rules in England are very much stricter than they are in any other country in the world.

Here you are not even allowed travelling expenses to a tournament unless you are a member of an official team chosen by the Lawn Tennis Association.

You may be invited to compete as a private individual at the most distinguished tournament abroad, and, if you cannot afford to pay your own expenses, you cannot accept.

American and Continental players may, however, accept their expenses when playing in any tournament. And most of the "stars" in those countries make very good use of the privilege. The allowance is generous. You can charge up for every single expense incurred—fares, hotel expenses, laundry, taxis, drinks.

One foreign champion I know used to give big dinner parties at the expense of his association. A good deal of entertaining is, in fact, quietly done by many players abroad.

His "draw"

In Paris last year a famous player was given a car for his exclusive use during the tournament. It was at his disposal at any time, but it never cost him a penny.

With such elastic rules there is, of course, little doubt that some expenses sheets show a profit for the players.

But, except in rare cases, the aggregate gain is never very great.

One of the exceptions was a world champion who was known to make large sums out of his expenses. His method was simple. Some club would invite him to play at its tournament.

"Very well," he would say, "I will come if you pay my expenses. They will be £200" (or whatever the sum might be). He was such a big draw that the club invariably paid up quite cheerfully, although everybody knew that he would not spend more than £50.

Players abroad who go about from one tournament to another can, in this way, live free for the greater part of the year, and, incidentally, have a very good time. But they are invariably star performers capable of attracting a sufficiently large crowd to see them play to make it worth the club's while to pay their expenses.

The official attitude towards this liberal paying of expenses both on the Continent and in America is that if the big players can be induced to compete in various centres it is good for the game.

Thousands of people all over the country, who are interested in the game but cannot attend the one or two big tournaments held in a season, have in this way an opportunity of seeing the best exponents of lawn tennis.

The United States particularly is a huge country where the distances to be travelled are very great and players simply could not afford to accept invitations if they had to pay their own expenses. In the interests of the game, therefore, the International Federation decided that expenses may be accepted by an amateur player.

In England the position is different. Here the distances are comparatively so short that almost everybody can afford to pay their own expenses when invited as private individuals to play in tournaments.

Well-known tennis amateurs sometimes enjoy free accommodation at hotels, but this is not nearly so common as is generally supposed.

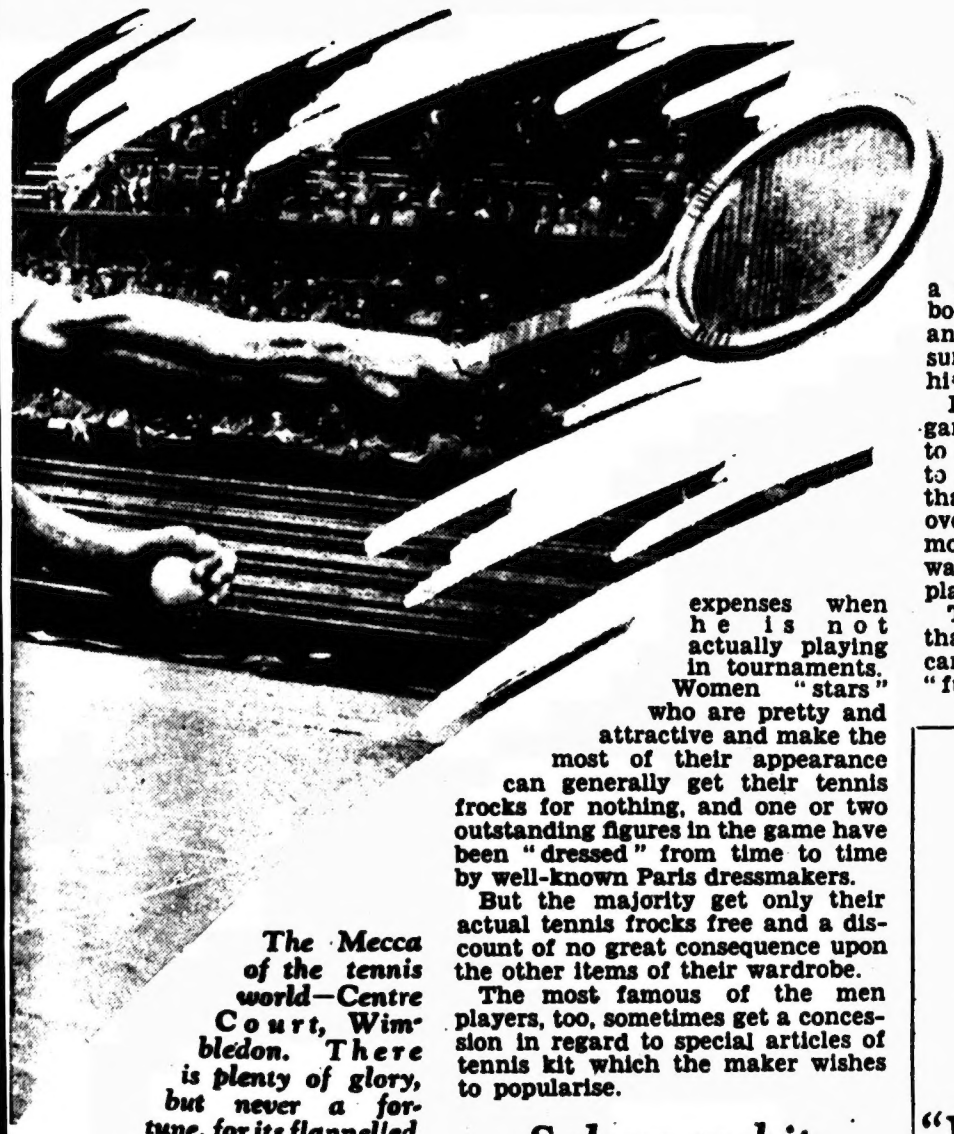
In Paris, for instance, no hotel would offer free accommodation or even reduced rates during the fortnight of the French championships. But at some of the Riviera tournament centres famous players may be invited to be guests at the hotels if it is thought that their presence there will attract other guests.

The invitation would be only for the week or fortnight of the tournament, and even then the most such players get as a rule is a reduction of charges, and not a very big one at that.

Nor can they any longer make a profit from the racquets they get from manufacturers. They can still get as many as they want, but they are only loaned and not given, and must be returned to the makers when finished with. They are then restrung and sold second-hand usually to lesser players who want a racquet used by such and such a "star."

Until some years ago these racquets were gifts from the manufacturers — until a player was discovered to be

A WIMBLEDON CHAMPION about the TENNIS "SHAMATEUR"



The Mecca of the tennis world—Centre Court, Wimbledon. There is plenty of glory, but never a fortune, for its flannelled pilgrims, says the writer

making a handsome profit out of the practice by selling hers.

Some of the lesser-known manufacturers who want to popularise their goods, do, I believe, pay some players to use their racquets. But the older established firms do not do this.

That may explain why you sometimes find a champion changing his make of racquet. There is, in fact, little doubt about the truth of a rumour that a few well-known players actually received cash for using a certain make of racquet.

But it is utter nonsense to suppose that the star players can always depend upon being kept supplied with new tennis balls without charge.

Tennis balls definitely come under the heading of items of equipment which *must be paid for*. And they form a very big item in a player's expenses when he is not actually playing in tournaments.

Women "stars" who are pretty and attractive and make the most of their appearance can generally get their tennis frocks for nothing, and one or two outstanding figures in the game have been "dressed" from time to time by well-known Paris dressmakers.

But the majority get only their actual tennis frocks free and a discount of no great consequence upon the other items of their wardrobe.

The most famous of the men players, too, sometimes get a concession in regard to special articles of tennis kit which the maker wishes to popularise.

Salesmanship

From the maker's point of view this is a satisfactory arrangement. If people see a popular star in public wearing a sweater, or shoes, or a new and distinctive type of shirt, it is not unlikely that they will take more note of the article in question than if it were simply displayed in a shop.

Some will naturally make enquiries as to where the article can be bought, and business follows for the makers.

People often wonder how it is that a tennis genius who has to earn his own living can afford to retain his amateur status and yet give enough time to the game to keep himself in form.

Well, a few of the outstanding ones are offered jobs by sports manufacturers. It is no secret, for instance, that a number of the best known French players are employed as agents for a firm of ball manufacturers.

The more often these players appear before the public and do well, the better it is for the firms employing them. It is hoped that enthusiasts will conclude that the success lies in the choice of equipment rather than the prowess of the player.

So they are encouraged to appear at as many tournaments as possible.

The only "big money" that a tennis star makes is from writing books and articles for newspapers and magazines. Tilden made huge sums from writing—mainly through his books.

He was such an authority on the game and so successful in explaining to beginners exactly what they had to do to overcome their difficulties that his books sold in thousands all over the world. He probably made more money in this way while he was an amateur than any other player.

Taking it all round, I should say that the few really tip-top players can pretty well rely on getting their "full" expenses out of the game for the best part of the year. But over and above that they get very little.

That is why most of the men, unless they have private incomes or are good business men like Borotra, find that when the time comes for them to be making money seriously they have to abandon the game.

Tilden, of course, has solved the problem by becoming a professional. And Cochet has a shop, so his livelihood is assured in that way.

If the tennis "shamateurs" do not, as I say, make vast sums of money out of the game, they certainly have a very good time. They enjoy the glamour of being in the limelight, and they are lavishly entertained.

One reason for this is that tennis has changed greatly since the war.

Tournaments to-day are advertised and staged almost as elaborately as if they were theatrical productions. And, like the actors on the stage, the players come in for a gratifying share of the limelight. In fact, a great deal more so.

"Making hay . . ."

Thousands of pounds are now made out of the game. Abroad, most of the associations are very generous and make a point of seeing that the bulk of these profits are put back in support of the game.

They are always very generous about expenses and they also make sure that the young players receive plenty of encouragement, with fair opportunities of their coming to the top

But in this country the position is very different.

Before 1914 Wimbledon was, in comparison, a little private meeting of enthusiasts. Now it is one of the biggest sporting events of the year, and large profits are made for the shareholders by the amateurs and "shamateurs."

In view of that, can we altogether blame the latter if they make what they can behind the scenes?

Her £2,000 PATTERN

"I WAS too frightened to eat any breakfast when I heard of my success," admitted the quiet, unassuming little woman who has just won outright the record one-week First of £2,000 offered in JOHN BULL Crosswords No. 168.

"Still, I'm better now," she went on, with a little sigh of contentment which spoke volumes.

The JOHN BULL reader who has just walked off with this staggering fortune for solving an amusing Crossword puzzle is Miss M. Sorgatz, of 13, Davenant Road, Upper Holloway, London.

As she sat in the Hornsey home of her widowed sister, chatting with our representative, the relief of her knowledge that a long struggle was over was plain to see.

"I've had a busy working life," she went on. 'For thirty-seven years I was a machinist in one firm. And when I could do work at dressmaking no longer, owing to illness, I made up my mind to try and win a big prize in Crosswords."

"She's got just the right spirit for Crosswords," put in her sister. "She was always enormously patient over the most intricate needlework, and she works on clues just as carefully."

"Well," Miss Sorgatz said, "I always try to use just ordinary common-sense in getting the right pattern into my solutions. That's what JOHN BULL's clues seem to need—just common-sense and a good dictionary when you're doubtful about the most satisfactory answer.

"I have not tried JOHN BULL's Crosswords for more than six months, and this wonderful prize is the first I have won."

"I try *Bullets*, too, and love to read about the winners. I thought the 4,500 Guineas winner, IF WE WANT PEACE—LET *Meek Greet Meek*, a beautiful one.

"I haven't quite decided what to do with the money, but most of it will probably go into some good security on our bank manager's advice.

"I have always longed to travel. Perhaps now that dream will come true and I may even be able to pay a visit to my two brothers in Canada.

"But I must not forget the hospitals. They have done so much for me, and now JOHN BULL will help me to pay my debt to them."

All *your* dreams may come true if you carry off the Record Crossword Life Pension of £6 a week which is offered for the absorbing problem on page 32. Fill up those squares this evening and the result may be a JOHN BULL cheque for £6 every Saturday for the rest of your life.

HANNEN SWAFFER'S *Open Letter to* LORD BADEN-POWELL

You BUILD *the* *Best Men,* "B.-P."

MY DEAR B.-P.,—They can make a peer of you, and give you all sorts of titles.

When a Danish Boy Scout came to see me once in Copenhagen, he asked me for my opinion on Lord "Gilwell," which is the name from which you take your title. Any other name, right or wrong, except the one which endeared you to the world, would sound silly.

Right round the Empire you are B.-P.

You were first B.-P. to millions in the days of the Boer War, when we used to wear a button bearing your portrait on our coats, little dreaming of the much more important war that was to happen before long. Then, with showmanship that no general has ever shown, before or since, you made the defending of an obscure outpost called Mafeking into a name that crept into the language. The night of rejoicing over your relief is still as historic as Peace Day.

In those days you offended Queen Victoria by encouraging your troops with all sorts of stunts, putting your portrait, for instance, on the postage stamps.

Oh, it was lese-majesty in those days. That, she felt, was her prerogative. For years you were ignored.

Then you did what no other man in the world could have done, with the possible exception of Buffalo Bill. You formed a legion of boys who were to make a great world comradeship.

* * *

Because of this letter to you, I shall be accused of flattering a militarist movement. I am used to that.

You are said to have founded the Boy Scouts on a military idea. Yet there is nothing but good in teaching boys to fear their God and respect their country, so long as the highest motives of good citizenship are identified with their aims. That is beyond Party—and beyond a narrow creed.

When I was a boy, we used to play pirates. We used to rob orchards—yes, and shops—because we had nothing else to do when, with the spirit of adventure within us, we went out to defy Authority, young Drakes and child Raleighs, all of us.

You took all this love of adventure and turned it into good citizenship. You taught hundreds of thousands of boys how to be good scouts. You taught them ambulance work and the arts of seamanship and signalling.

The idea spread right across the world, and now negro boys are scouts, and German boys, and Japanese boys, and boys of every race, and every colour, and every creed.

During the last century or so, this England of ours has started many movements which have gone all over the world—the lifeboat service, the Red Cross, prisoners' aid, amelioration of factory life, the Salvation Army, temperance movements. It abolished slavery. Most of the ameliorative movements in the world started in these islands. While we think like that, in terms of betterment, we shall always be a world force.

Your Boy Scout movement is one of these—say what they will of it.

If, in time of war, former Boy Scouts make the best soldiers, well you cannot blame war on them. War is a world disease that must be eradicated. One of the ways is to turn all its inherent rebellion into unified true citizenship.

Whenever I see you, with your handsome, kindly face, I always realise that I am in the presence of one of the great men of the world.

You are not distinguished, particularly, for your intellect, nor for any distinguishing qualities of mind. It is good nature that inspires you, kindliness, understanding.

Yours is essentially the best type of manhood, that which devotes itself to the betterment of millions of others. If it carries flags—well, a flag is only a symbol. If it wears a uniform—well, so does a postman and a nurse.

Your strength is your weakness—that you have no successor. That was Booth's trouble, and Northcliffe's. They ruled as martinets.

* * *

Part of your secret is the romance of your earlier manhood—the way in which you studied the arts and crafts that are part of a life near Nature and then used them in work. But the greater part is the manner in which you discovered that they could also be applied to make normal life a great adventure, in which modesty of mien was more to be admired than braggadocio and decent fellowship more to be admired than selfishness.

Along every country road, as I pass, I see the Boy Scouts marching. Sometimes, in half-dozens, with a small cart, they are going off for a week-end in the woods. Sometimes, in larger troops, they go by on a route march.

In every one of their eyes is a bright intelligence. Every head is held high, facing the Future unafraid.

And in every heart, my dear B.-P., there is for you what we all feel, a deep and profound admiration.

You have transformed many, many thousands of young lives, and, in so doing, fitted every one of them for greater service to his fellows, made all of them of greater use to a world that would be all the finer if all its citizens were like them.

I think back to a day, before the war, when they brought me in a newspaper office a few photographs from Brownsea Island. A week before, on a small islet near Poole, the Boy Scouts had been born—and these were the first pictures! Little did I dream, then, that it was the beginning of a great world idea.

You must have known. Those eyes of yours could see most things.

Since then I have seen a jamboree, watched the boys singing, at nights, around a camp fire. I have been the guest of Boy Scouts, and, sometimes, they have been guests of mine.

Their natural manners, their shrewdness, their quick alertness of brains well become the products of the most perfect school.

Hannen Swaffer

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Mr. Justice CHARLES,
London, S.W.1

MY LORD,—Quite rightly you showed no mercy to the three desperadoes who held up a policeman with a revolver on a lonely road near Plymouth.

One who was suspected of being an American gunman has gone to jail for seven years, another for five years, and the third for three years.

Last week I published an article by an ex-gunman warning Britain that "The Gunmen are Coming." And they will come in force unless deterred by such wise severity as you showed in this case.

JOHN BULL.

Sir W. ARBUTHNOT LANE,
London, W.1

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—Everyone admires nurses, but, as I have often pointed out, they don't get a fair deal. They are poorly paid, their hours are long and their work strenuous.

You say women look charming in nurses' uniform and deplore the fact that they get married so quickly.

If we paid them better, they might stay in the profession a little longer.

JOHN BULL.

P.C. HAROLD BENTLEY,
Morecambe, Lancs

DEAR CONSTABLE,—Carnera has a great punch, but I admire yours more.

Swimming out to sea to rescue three drowning men, two of whom had gone to the help of a friend, you realised that one who was fighting fiercely would have to be restrained and cleverly knocked him out with a left-hander.

You thus saved three lives. Now I know why boxing is called the noble art.

JOHN BULL.

VISCOUNT ASTOR,
Taplow, Buckinghamshire

DEAR SIR,—I am glad you have been telling farmers a few home truths, and I hope your suggestion that they should change their methods will not fall on barren ground.

We must see to it that agriculture is restored to prosperity—but the farmers must do their bit as well.

JOHN BULL.

FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY: Sad news for British coalfields that H.M.S. "Marlboro'," last of coal-burning battleships, is going to shipbreakers. Hope you are watching promising Cunard experiments with a mixture of coal and oil.—JOHN BULL.

FREDERICK KAY,
Hornchurch, Essex

BRUTE,—I have never known a more fiendish act of cruelty than that for which you have just gone to prison for six weeks.

You were returning home from divine service when your dog jumped at you in delight and caused you to stumble. For this, you tied it to a post and battered its head with an axe.

It broke away, but returned obediently when you called it. You finished your inhuman work and buried the poor animal in a pit. Later you boasted that you had killed dogs in this way for more than twenty years.

I hope it will be much more than twenty years before I hear of such monstrous cruelty again.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. L. J. BROCK,
Chairman, Board of Control

DEAR SIR,—No person under eighteen should be certified as a moral defective except after a long period of observation, says the special committee on mental deficiency appointed by the British Medical Association.

Yet, as I have shown time after time, young people are sent to asylums under your control on the flimsiest pretext.

Other important recommendations are made by the committee. You will, I hope, consider them carefully, and at last take action to remove the ghastly scandal of the treatment of the insane.

JOHN BULL.

OSWALD WHEATLEY,
Langold, Notts

ROGUE,—The meanest thieves are those who deprive poor children of their pleasure.

You pleaded guilty at Retford to appropriating £60, entrusted to you as the secretary of a children's outing fund.

Such a despicable offence amply warranted the sentence of four months' hard labour you received.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. HENRY TATTERSALL,
Preston

DEAR HENRY,—When your petrol wagon caught fire in a street in Great Crosby, the whole town was threatened.

Realising the danger, you drove on with a thousand gallons of blazing petrol behind you and abandoned the wagon in a field.

I hope your conspicuous bravery will be publicly rewarded. JOHN BULL.

Col. J. SANDEMAN ALLEN, M.P.,
London, S.W.1

DEAR SIR,—Although you are not a doctor, you started to amputate the leg of a man pinned down in the wreckage of the Stafford railway disaster.

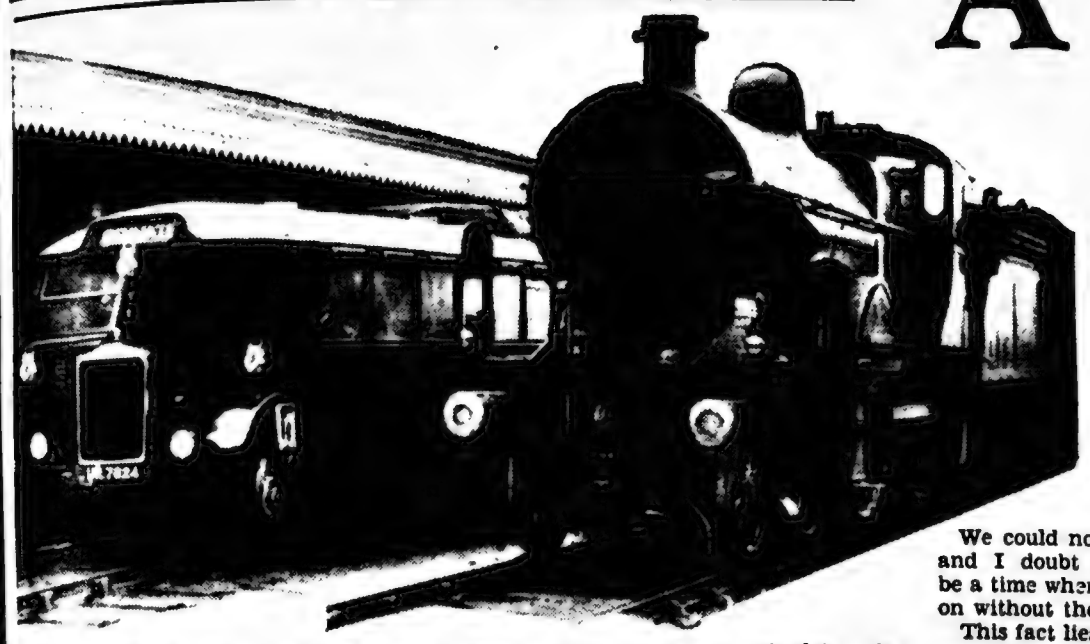
Later, distressed by the man's death, you invited the coroner to say whether you had acted rightly.

The answer was a warm message of thanks for your promptness and humanity. It will be echoed by all sensible people. JOHN BULL.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL: Thanks for refusing request of stamp-collectors for stamps that the King's head should be replaced by views. Let them buy picture postcards.—JOHN BULL.

Rail still fights Road . . .

A Civil War that MUST Stop!



"Road and Rail must be put on a parity and administered as a common public utility"

by A. G. GARDINER

IT is to be hoped that the committee set up under the chairmanship of Sir Arthur Salter to report on Road and Rail Transport will act speedily. For the situation of the railways is becoming desperate.

A further drop of over £5,000,000 in their earnings during the first months of this year is reported. It follows on a landslide in receipts continued year after year without pause.

Great economies have been effected in the effort to keep pace with the fall in revenue. Working expenses have been reduced, wages have been cut, staffs diminished, unprofitable stations closed, dead wood eliminated wherever possible.

But all in vain.

No economies can balance the catastrophic decline in income, and the values of railway stock and shares are melting like snows in May. Dividends on ordinary stock have almost completely ceased and shares like those of the Great Western which stood in the neighbourhood of £100 two or three years ago have slumped to £24.

And it is not the ordinary shares alone that have withered. Preference and debenture stocks, which were regarded as gilt-edged securities suitable for trust investment, are collapsing, too.

It is difficult to measure the financial consequences of this calamity. Over a thousand millions of money are invested in British railways, and there is not a friendly society, insurance company or trust fund of any sort whose ability to meet its commitments is not involved in the solvency of the railway system.

Staggering calamity

Add to all this the loss of revenue to the State in income-tax, the impoverishment of tens of thousands of people who have invested their savings in what was supposed to be a gilt-edged security, the loss in wages, the multiplication of the unemployed, and we are faced with a disaster before which the sensational Kreuger and Toll affair is a trifle.

There is no need to ask how the calamity has come about. There have been contributory factors, of course—wasteful management, lack of enterprise, excessive prices for land.

But after all allowance is made for these things, the fact remains that the knock-out blow to the railways has been given by the internal-combustion engine. Traffic has passed from the rail to the road.

A generation ago practically all the traffic of this country, both passenger and freight, went over the railways. For nearly a century the roads had become obsolete for everything except local movement.

To-day there are two and a quarter million motor vehicles in the land and all the roads of the country are alive with traffic diverted from the railways.

It is not merely, or even mainly, the private motor-car which is responsible. Much more devastating in its effect on the railways is the competition which the motor has put up in the transport of passengers and heavy goods. Ten-ton loads career over the turnpikes for any distance from Land's End to John o' Groats and the railways are being beaten out of the field in all *profitable* directions.

Indispensable

I italicise "profitable" for an important reason. If the question were merely one of the transfer of all traffic from rail to road the matter would be simple. We might say that, in spite of the loss to all sorts of interests, the transfer was justified on the ground of public interest. We could scrap the railways at heavy cost, satisfied that the ultimate gain to the community would be greater than the loss.

But that is not the case.

Wonderful as the possibilities of motor traffic are, no one supposes that it can displace the railways altogether. We cannot scrap the railways. If the railways ceased to function the whole mechanism of the country would be paralysed.

We could not carry on without them, and I doubt whether there will ever be a time when we shall be able to carry on without them.

This fact lies at the heart of the problem. Truly seen, Road and Rail are not cut-throat rivals. They are complementary services devoted to the same end, the provision of mobility for the public need. Each has its proper function in the general economy of the State, and neither should be sacrificed in order to aggrandise the other. We want both and we must have both.

If we can imagine this country starting like a brand new creation to-morrow morning, our first business would be to put Road and Rail under one common, non-competitive control as a single public utility. We should prevent all overlapping and should restrict each instrument to the task it could most economically and conveniently perform.

That is the spirit in which we have to adjust the relations of Rail and Road to-day.

It is not in the public interest that we should put checks or obstacles in the way of the development of a new mode of traffic. We cannot go back to the days when a man with a "danger" flag walked at foot pace in front of a mechanically propelled vehicle on the roads. The motor must be allowed the fullest and freest development.

On the other hand, we cannot afford to destroy the railways. They are as essential as the roads, and the dice must not be loaded against them. At present the dice are so loaded against them that they are being reduced to beggary.

Take a few examples. The railways have spent £800,000,000 on making their own permanent ways. They have to provide out of their own earnings every penny for the maintenance of those ways. The motor traffic is provided out of the public purse with the roads on which it operates. It has not to raise a penny of capital to provide the first essential of its business.

True, it contributes to the cost through the motor tax and licence duty. But the contribution is inadequate. In nine years £500,000,000 has been spent on our roads. The licence and petrol duties contributed only £180,000,000.

Again, the railways have to pay local rates on their profits. Road transport does not. Railways function under Parliamentary regulations. They are compelled to provide services. Their profits are limited.

Road transport is practically uncontrolled. It can enjoy any extravagant profit it makes. It can pick and choose, snatch at this profitable route and ignore that which is unprofitable. It can run 'buses on spec. and drop them without a "by-your-leave" to anybody.

Beyond all reason

It can skim the cream and leave the skimmed milk for the railways. It can run to a seaside resort in summer, pick up the profitable trade, and leave the railway to carry on through the winter when business has to be run at a loss.

The thing is beyond all reason and common-sense. No wonder the railways are being massacred. But we cannot have them massacred.

Road and Rail must be put on a parity and administered as a common public utility. There should be a single control of all the transport services, under statutory regulations, and inspired by the sole purpose of providing the most efficient and most economical mobility.

I hope Sir Arthur Salter's committee will speak out "loud and bold" on this great question. And the sooner it speaks the better.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.—Jack Hylton on the Problems of—

Boiled-Shirted Toilers

THE ether's been fractured by me and my boys
From here to Milwaukee and all the way back;
With sneers from the highbrows have we been impaled;
From Wigan to Wandsworth they've heatedly railed
Against the jazz noises created by Jack.

But frivolous ears have my melodies heard,
And frivolous feet, from Rhode Island to Rye,
Have danced to the rhythms that flow from my band;
And these when we leave for a far-distant land
Will grant us on parting the boon of a sigh.

For others are waiting for me and my boys,
And leave you we must, though the breakaway hurts.
Cold Russia is jazzless and yearns for the boon
My band can bestow; so we're going there soon—
But not in these trousers and not in these shirts!

There are people who cannot picture me and my boys except in what the lady novelists call "immaculate evening attire." Well, these faithful admirers have only to take a number umpteen 'bus to Nijni Novgorod or hail a drosky and ask to be set down at the Moscow Astoriaski and they will have the felicity of gazing upon us in an entirely new rig-out.

You see, it's like this: Soviet Russia is hungry for syncopation. Up to now the lads and lasses of the village have been so busy helping along the Five-Year Plan that they have not had time to become acquainted with the beauties of the Black Bottom and the Ostrich Walk. So my band of hope has been asked to supply some sweetness and light.

Having always wanted to see how the Kremlin compares with the Crystal Palace and to meet the Volga boatmen in their habit as they live, I signed the contract. But, having done so, I received a tactful hint that our hosts will be obliged if we leave our dress suits and boiled shirts behind in moth-balls.

We have therefore decided to wear lounge suits throughout the tour. But a knotty point of etiquette has arisen by reason of the fact that we are to play at a banquet at which Stalin will be present, and I am now wondering what the deuceski we can wear.

Personally, if etiquette demands a smock and Russian boots, I'm willing to oblige; but a banquet without boiled shirts will seem as strange as a boarding-house without boiled mutton. All the same, believe me, the change will be a welcome one.

The cove employed in laying bricks,
Those chaps who shovels wield and picks,
Wear any garb they dashed well please;
And when on sultry nights I've played
Behind a stiff, starched barricade,
I've envied workers such as these.

The bloke who has to bang the drum,
His mates who on their banjos strum,
Like navvies toil each night; yet they
Must deck themselves out in the style
Of those who merely lounge awhile
About the place to hear us play.

A sober suit of mourning black
Is not the fav'rite garb of Jack,
With tails that fall behind each knee;
Nor do I love those collars high,
With cut-throat edge, demanded by
Uncivilised society.

If Bolshevism sets men free
From some dead tailor's mad decree,
Then Bolshevism I'll embrace.
Gladly my boiled shirt I'll forswear—
E'en though I am compelled to wear
A wreath of whiskers round my face!

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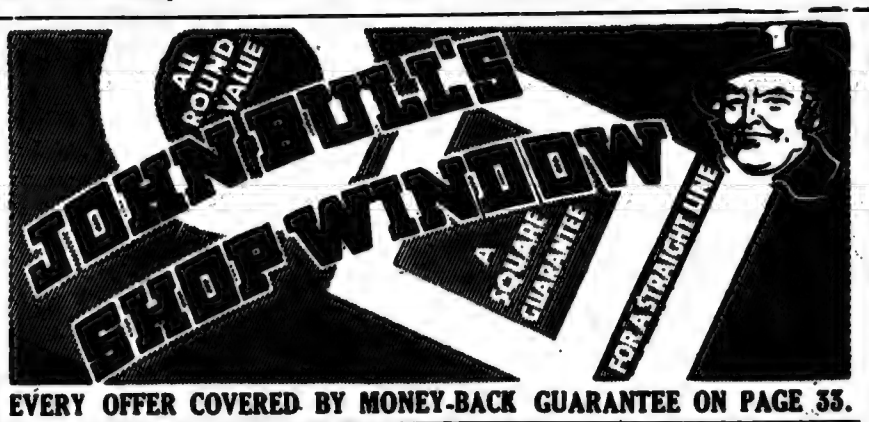

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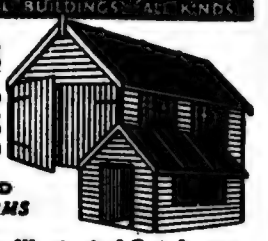

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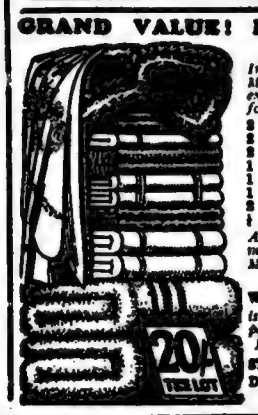

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Sir Wyndham Childs Exposes a

Kinema Bird of PREY

AN investigation into the unhappy experiences of one of my readers whose savings have been lost in a film theatre venture has revealed a widespread scheme for parting unemployed men from their money.

The reader in question is Mr. A. Young, an ex-police-sergeant, of Clapham, London, S.W.4, and he would have been very much better off to-day had he not become interested in an offer made in the advertising columns of a certain daily paper.

A vacancy existed, the announcement declared, for a man to act as assistant manager of a film theatre. An investment of £200 was required, but interest at 7½ per cent. would be paid.

Surprising . . .

When Mr. Young wrote for further particulars he was asked to call for an interview at an office in High Holborn, London.

He was told that the post would be in the City offices of a kinema circuit which boasted five theatres and which proposed to add new ones to its chain "from time to time."

While the assistant manager's duties would be mostly clerical to begin with, there were prospects of tuition on the practical side of kinema management.

Further details were vouchsafed at a subsequent interview, as the outcome of which Mr. Young signed an agreement with a company known as Supreme Kinemas, Ltd., the registered offices of which were said to be at the Savoy Kinema, Brighton Road, South Croydon.

By the terms of this agreement he undertook to invest £200 in the company's 7½ per cent. preference shares. The company, for its part, contracted to employ Mr. Young as assistant manager at one of its kinemas or subsidiary companies' kinemas until he gained enough experience to hold an appointment as manager.

His commencing salary was to be £3 10s. a week, rising to £4 a week after three months.

The first surprise came when Mr. Young discovered that the offices of the company were not at the kinema named but on the top floor of an adjacent public-house.

After a proposal to send him to officiate at a kinema in Wales had been abandoned, the investor finally found himself posted to one in Kingsland Road, Dalston.

Surprises were now plentiful. He found that this theatre was leased by a second company and that the profits were being paid to the credit of a third.

In the midst of this involved state of affairs it soon became clear that his employer's finances were equally tangled.

Lights out

Trouble arose with renting companies which protested that they could not obtain payment for films they had leased to the theatre and all sorts of bills began to pour in.

At the end of three months the electricity company came to cut off the light and power and the theatre had to close. Then a film-renting company, claiming £161, put the brokers in.

Perplexed and disillusioned, the £200 investor demanded an explanation, only to be told that there was no occasion to worry as other theatres in the circuit were doing excellent business.

But these rosy assurances carry little weight to-day, for this investor has no job and is £200 out of pocket.

Nor is he alone in his trouble. An investigation into the affairs of the supposedly flourishing picture houses in this circuit shows that one, in the Midlands, is now in the hands of a Receiver and is heavily in debt for such items as rent, rates, and electricity supply.

One of the creditors, too, is a man who, like Mr. Young, paid £200 for an appointment which has ended disastrously.

Yet another £200 investor has been caught in respect of the Savoy Kinema in Withernsea, near Hull, which has now been taken over by the landlords, while three others have parted with similar sums for appointments at Croydon.

The ramifications of the various companies associated with these schemes are too involved to be detailed here, but I note that one of the leading lights throughout is a person named Rowland Sales

It was Sales who signed the receipt for Mr. Young's investment, and he seems to have been active in interviewing the various applicants for assistant managerships.

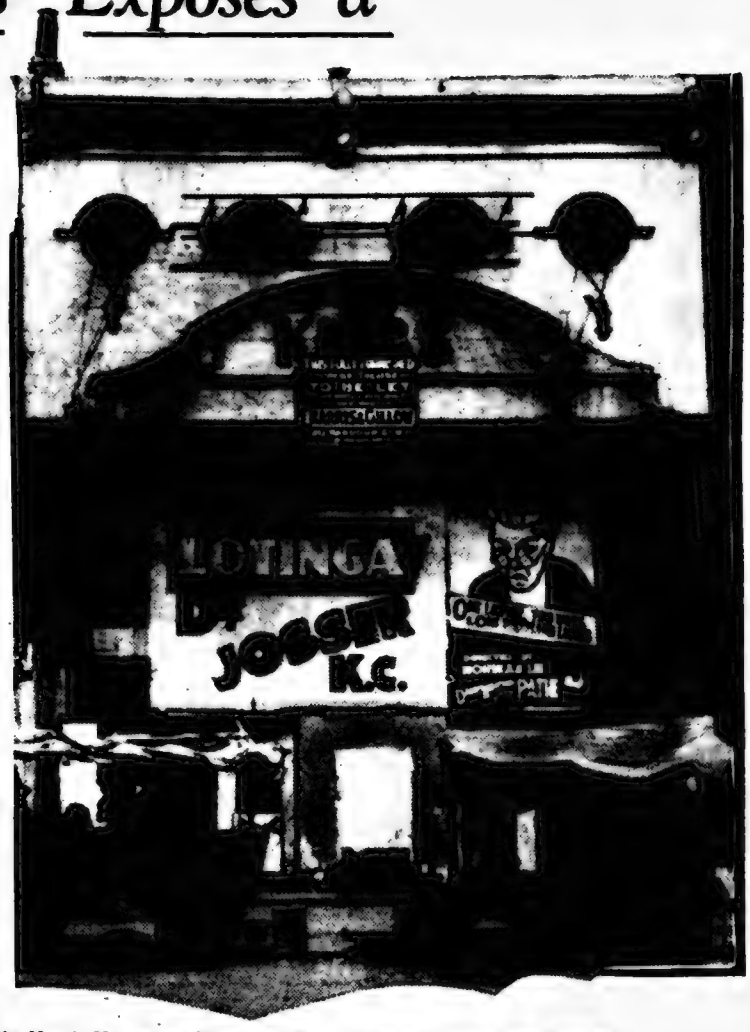
He is a man who has been blacklisted by some of the principal film renters for years now, and as such should never have launched any scheme requiring to be financed by employees.

Supplanted

The experience of one assistant manager appointed by Sales is decidedly interesting. By the terms of his agreement this man was entitled to an increase of salary after three months, but when he applied for it, Sales pleaded that business was bad and persuaded him to let it stand over.

A little later Sales magnanimously suggested that as things were so slack this investor might take three weeks' holiday on full pay. He did so, but the cheque for his third week's salary was dishonoured and the indignant investor returned to discover that Sales had appointed another assistant manager in his absence, and that the new employee had likewise invested £200!

I have often commented upon such unsatisfactory methods of financing business ventures, and I am not surprised that Sales' various film companies are swamped in difficulties.



The King's Kinema at Kingsland Road, Dalston, which was leased to one of these queer companies

Distressing HOSPITAL Blunder

A DISTRESSING story of laxity and blundering on the part of hospital authorities is revealed in the recent experience of Mrs. Christie, of Springfield Road, Glasgow.

As her husband was unemployed, and there seemed no prospects of work, it was decided that she should enter the local maternity hospital at Rottenrow.

In January last, as a precautionary measure and in order that the hospital staff might have every opportunity of becoming acquainted with its prospective patient, Mr. Christie took his wife to the hospital for advice.

They were directed to a waiting-room and left for well over an hour before an official appeared to enquire once again the nature of their business.

Mrs. Christie was duly examined and informed by the doctor that she was perfectly all right and that she would most likely be admitted to the hospital for confinement early in May.

* * *

During the following four months Mrs. Christie regularly attended the hospital once every fortnight, and on each occasion she was medically examined and declared to be "quite normal."

On May 2 Mrs. Christie became very ill, and her husband rushed her to the hospital.

When he and his suffering wife arrived at the institution they were, as before, directed to the "waiting"-room by a female attendant.

Recollecting his former experience there, Mr. Christie noted the time and found it to be exactly 6.20 p.m. An hour, which seemed more like a week, passed, and with it came increasing agony for the wife who sat by his side.

A second hour passed, and the awful suspense of Mrs. Christie can be imagined, but she pluckily urged her husband to "wait just a little longer" in case he might annoy or disturb the officials in the pursuit of other duties.

As the hands of the clock crept slowly forward, the mental agony of the husband became as acute as the bodily suffering of his helpless wife.

* * *

Suspense reached breaking-point, however, and Mr. Christie, unable to contain himself any longer, finally made his way to the enquiry office.

To his surprise he found that the female attendant had gone off duty two hours before, *and had forgotten to inform the man who relieved her that Mr. Christie and his wife were waiting to be attended to.*

From the time Mr. Christie and his wife were admitted until they were professionally attended to exactly three and a half hours had elapsed.

On each of the days which followed, the anxious husband made enquiries by telephone, and on each occasion he received the same reply, "She is much the same; there is no change."

No indication was given that complications had set in, and Mr. Christie consoled himself with the thought that his wife was comfortable.

On the fifth day, however, on Friday, May 6, Mr. Christie thought it advisable to call at the hospital to find out how his wife was progressing.

His feelings can be imagined when an official informed him that his wife had been, and still was, critically ill, and was lucky to be alive!

Mr. Christie had hardly recovered from the initial shock when the official, in an endeavour to explain the cause, remarked, "Of course, you are aware that your wife has been delivered of a still-born child?"

Though Mr. Christie endeavoured to get an explanation of what had taken place, and why he had not been apprised of the true position of affairs, the only information which up till now has been vouchsafed to him is that Mrs. Christie's case was an "abnormal one" and very difficult.

* * *

Why was Mr. Christie told that his wife was "comfortable" when it was admitted later that she had been critically ill and was "lucky to be alive"?

Surely he should have been told the truth or summoned to the hospital to be near his wife?

Mrs. Christie states that, so far as she can recollect, her baby was born on the Wednesday, and notwithstanding the fact that her husband telephoned the hospital that day and on the day following, he was not acquainted of the fact until he made a personal call at the hospital three days later.

This regrettable case clearly calls for a full public enquiry.

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WAR HERO Treated Like a DOG

ALTHOUGH fourteen years have passed since the Armistice was signed, there is still, unhappily, a great deal of dissatisfaction among maimed and stricken ex-Service men regarding the treatment meted out to them by the Ministry of Pensions.

While there are appalling cases like that of Mr. F. A. Monk, of 13, Eagle Avenue, South Tottenham, London, N., we are not surprised.

Mr. Monk is one of those unhappy warriors whose battling days did not end with the war. He has been engaged in a dual fight ever since: against ill-health on the one hand and against callous and adamant officialdom on the other.

And throughout his struggles he has had to face cumulative misfortune. He has been forced to close his business because he could not carry on and undergo hospital treatment at the same time.

Then, at the end of last year, his wife died, and the loss of a devoted companion meant an additional load of worry and sorrow.

He is a wreck of his former self, shattered in health, his business ruined Mr. Monk and his daughter Madge

Deplorable economy

Mr. Monk has two sons, one of whom is out of work, while the other is an apprentice. There is also a daughter of twelve. All have to be provided for, so the problem which the stricken father has to face is acute.

Yet he is more than a victim of ill-health and misfortune; he is the victim of the most deplorable cheeseparing and neglect.

Let us trace his unhappy history from the day when he joined the Army, so that readers may form their own opinions.

He answered the call promptly, enlisting in September, 1914, in the 19th Hussars. Later he was transferred to the Army Ordnance Corps, rose to the rank of company sergeant-major and proceeded overseas to Salonika.

There is no need to stress the hardships or misery endured in the Salonika campaign.

The tale of the terrible conditions; the fever and disease; the bad water and the poor, insufficient food; the exposure to all weathers—all this has been told again and again.

It will suffice to remind the public that 50,000 of our sons never came back.

Mr. Monk did come back—invalided home following a severe operation in May, 1916, a wreck of his former self, shattered in health and suffering from grave and increasing internal trouble.

For an active man to be reduced in one sweep from A1 to C1 is a terrible blow, but though Mr. Monk was now deemed fit only for home service, he pluckily tackled every job that was given him, and rendered sterling service at the Avon Docks as a staff quartermaster-sergeant, superintending the loading of supplies for foreign theatres of the war.

Appeals refused

So well did he acquit himself that within a few months he was commended in the War Office list for "valuable services rendered in connection with the war."

That, in brief, is the history of his service. Now let us see how he has fared since his ultimate discharge to civil life.

When his disability began to increase in 1921, he made due application to the authorities, and was definitely informed that the new trouble that had developed was neither caused nor aggravated by his war service.

The Ministry of Pensions was quite firm on this point, and in subsequent correspondence repeatedly refused to consider his appeals. Nor was there one words of kindliness to leaven those cold, official letters, judging from the tone in which he was sometimes addressed.

"It is not possible to grant you any additional pension" is one phrase used. "The Ministry is unable to take any further action" is another.

There is much in the correspondence that is contradictory. A letter dated June 5, 1923, declared that the Ministry could not reconsider his case "from any standpoint."

Yet another, dated November, 1923, stated that his claim had been "specially considered," but that the Ministry was "precluded from taking any further action in the matter."

So the months dragged on; but the Ministry could not make up its mind, and could only fob off the sufferer with verbose letters excusing itself from considering his added troubles as "attributable to or aggravated by" the war.

Then, in November, 1924, with characteristic change of front, the Ministry suddenly notified Mr. Monk that its highest medical officers had decided that "all the effects" of an operation performed during his service should "properly be included in the assessment of his pensionable disability."

Could anything be more preposterous than for the authorities to wrangle and argue with a sick and ailing man for years, and then, without a word of apology, grudgingly admit that his claim is just?

You may think not; but you have yet to hear the full story, and to learn to what lengths the Ministry of Pensions will go when dealing with a wretched claimant who has been kept in suspense for more than three years.

Although it now belatedly admitted that all circumstances of Mr. Monk's disability deserved consideration and awarded a 60 per cent. pension, it declared that this would take effect only from January, 1924.

Repeatedly put off

For the years in which he had been fobbed off with repeated excuses, he was presumably to receive no allowance!

Mr. Monk promptly put in a claim, and after a further delay of two months he was delighted to receive notification that arrears would be granted from August 8, 1921, after all.

He naturally assumed that the arrears would be at the rate mentioned in the previous notification—namely, 60 per cent. Imagine his amazement, therefore, when he found that payment had only been authorised at 30 per cent. from August, 1921, to June, 1922, and 40 per cent. thereafter.

When he wrote for an explanation of this curious cut in his promised allowance he was told that these revised figures had been decided by the medical authorities at the Ministry.

But these authorities have never even seen the patient, and have apparently based their strange assessment on reports rendered by past medical boards.

Since then there has been a wealth of further correspondence, in which the Ministry has made all sorts of strange assertions and excuses; but Mr. Monk has not succeeded in gaining any satisfaction.

Disability proved

The Ministry has sought to justify its attitude by saying that the disability so long in dispute only supervened at a later date. But this is nonsense and in direct contradiction to the facts.

There is no doubt that Mr. Monk had the disability in 1921 or he would not have claimed for it. In fact, we have a letter from the Ministry, dated August 8, 1921, which admits that he was then suffering from it.

As a result of this stubborn stand, Mr. Monk has been robbed of arrears of pension that are undoubtedly due to him and has also been under-assessed for several years.

The attitude of the Ministry throughout has been disgraceful, and Mr. Monk should be fully compensated without any more delay.

He Plucks the Parents

THERE are always people ready to exploit the difficulties of others, and a man named George Moreton is making persistent efforts to rob parents who are faced with the problem of settling their sons in business.

Mr. Moreton, who trades as the Private Car Garage, of Birmingham, pretends to be the proprietor of a flourishing concern and to have vacancies for one or two promising youths.

* * *

His well-dressed appearance and the fact that he drives everywhere in a powerful six-cylinder saloon car combine to foster the impression of affluence.

When discussing the future welfare of their sons with parents he reveals great charm of manner, and professes to be intensely interested in their particular problems.

He knows how very difficult it is in these days of depression and widespread unemployment to get boys satisfactorily started in life. All professions seem so overcrowded and there is always the danger that an industry that is flourishing to-day may be in a bad way to-morrow.

With talk of this kind he has gained the confidence of a number of parents, promising to start their boys in his own business as driver-mechanics. The prospects, he said, were excellent.

In one instance, to cite a typical example, a youth was engaged on payment of a premium of £30. He was set to work, but soon experienced difficulty in obtaining the wages that Mr. Moreton had so generously promised.

When he complained, his genial employer waved him aside and assured him that it was "quite all right"; he need not worry at all.

But one morning Mr. Moreton drove away in his six-cylinder saloon, and he has not been seen in Birmingham since.

It now transpires that several young men were engaged by him in Birmingham on similar terms, and that the supposed business of the Private Car Garage never had any real existence.

* * *

Far from being a flourishing motor-dealer, Mr. George Moreton is an unscrupulous individual, who sometimes appears on racecourses as a bookmaker, boasting that he is as "safe as the Bank of England."

In view of the foregoing facts, the value of this claim seems extremely doubtful.

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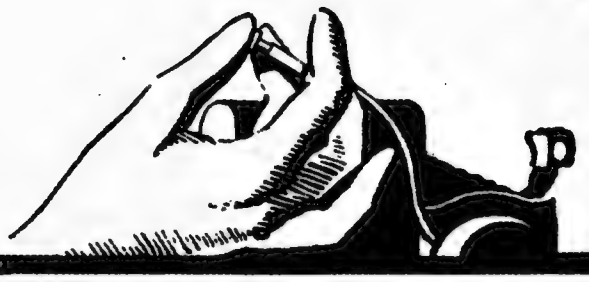

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On the march at Salisbury. The impudent Mr. Barnes managed to deceive his victims into believing that he had a high position in the Southern Command

A BOLD, BAD "EARL"

FICTION writers have created some startlingly picturesque crooks in their time, but it is doubtful whether a character was ever conceived to compare with the real-life rogue we expose here.

Though content to pass in less ambitious moments as plain Mr. Barnes, he has a passion for more exalted roles, which are both numerous and versatile.

He has impersonated titled people whose names are respected throughout the land; he has posed as a military expert of high rank. Yet behind the scenes he is a master swindler, a forger, a thief, and a receiver of stolen goods.

His criminal achievements have just been crowned by one of the greatest masquerades ever known—a masquerade carried through in circumstances which the most imaginative writer of fiction would reject as "too much for readers to swallow."

A city duped

What writer, for instance, would make a crook descend upon a cathedral city and register at a leading hotel in the name of a well-known earl?

Yet Barnes has actually done this, and very much more.

He did it at Salisbury only a few weeks ago, driving into the ancient city in a smart car and signing a hotel register with a flourish as "Walsingham."

Although he bore no resemblance to the real earl he took the risk of being recognised as an impostor—and got away with it. His commanding appearance—he is over 6 ft. tall—and his great charm of manner quickly compelled respect.

The supposed "Lord Walsingham, D.S.O.," who had impudently given his address as Boodles Club, in St. James', London, was soon installed in an appropriate suite, and further impressed the management by hinting that his presence in Salisbury must not become too generally known.

He did not wish it to leak out that he had just returned to England for the special purpose of taking over a high position under Lieut.-General Sir Cecil F. Romer, chief of the Southern Command.

So it was understood that he was now only on a private visit with the intention of "having a look round."

Nevertheless, the bogus earl saw to it that plenty of rumours were set afloat concerning him.

In conversation with other guests he let slip little scraps of "confidences" with the result that the supposed identity of the distinguished visitor soon became widely known—just as he wished it to be.

Having created a favourable impression and succeeded in getting himself talked about, he proceeded to raise money by various means, and even had the impudence to cash cheques which he daringly forged in the real earl's name.

Of course, this masquerade could not last long, but while it did last the impostor exploited his position to the full. Nor did he confine his operations to Salisbury. While making that his centre he visited various adjacent towns and similarly defrauded a number of people who believed he was soon to be posted to a high commission in the Southern Command!

Now, after this temporary, but highly profitable, burst of magnificence, he cannot be found, but enquiry shows that a little while before his Salisbury exploits he was very busy in Brighton.

Not a snob!

Here he assumed the modest role of a retired major, "just home from Africa."

His method of approach was very different from that which characterised his Salisbury campaign. He could not be bothered to retain his military rank, he confided—had no use for such snobbery, in fact. He preferred to be known as plain Mr. Sydney Barnes, and he was content with modest apartments.

By a stroke of good fortune he had secured an important post with a big insurance corporation—at least, an influential friend had obtained it for him. He was due to commence his new duties in a few days' time, and had just popped down to Brighton for a brief rest.

When modest Mr. Barnes left Brighton he had passed many more of his wastepaper cheques and had defrauded various people in his usual eloquent manner.

It is interesting to note that some of the cheques he has scattered so freely have now been traced as coming from books stolen from victims in different parts of the country.

Contemptible pilfering

Some, indeed, are the proceeds of a robbery at an Exmouth hotel, where he stayed in the name of Major Greath. Jewellery and other valuables disappeared also when the major left the town.

Another impudent exploit which shows his versatility was carried out at Honiton, Devon, where he drove up to an estate agent's office and asked for orders to view any mansions that were for sale in the district.

Once again he posed as a major, newly retired, and explained that he was anxious to close his flat in Brook Street, Mayfair, and settle down to a peaceful country life in "Glorious Devon."

He created such an excellent impression that the agent decided to conduct his distinguished client on his tour of inspection rather than entrust him to the care of one of his clerks.

But while the major was left alone for a few seconds he rifled the agent's desk, stealing cheque-books and various other important documents.

In one way or another, this rogue has defrauded or robbed people in places as far apart as Portsmouth, Cambridge, Cheltenham, Bedford and Eastbourne.

Several well-known and distinguished men have complained that he has impersonated them or forged their names to further his own criminal ends.

A military pose is perhaps his favourite, and he frequently makes use of the name of Lieutenant Jadison.

". . . and robs them"

Sometimes he stays in the vicinity of important barracks, spending his time in collecting intimate details of serving officers who happen to be the friends of titled men. Then he strikes up an acquaintanceship with them, talks plausibly of their "mutual friend, Lord So-and-so or Sir Somebody-something-or-other," and robs them.

There is no end to his ingenuity or the master cards he always has up his sleeve.

In one case he called upon a business man whose partner he knew to be out of town. Producing documents which lent colour to his story, he pretended that the absent partner had negotiated a private deal with him with regard to certain property, and that money was required at once to complete the transaction.

The impressive Mr. Barnes knew so much about the partner's affairs, and the documents seemed so genuine, that the cash was paid to him without question.

He is certainly one of the most successful and masterly crooks now at large.

HE'S AN INVENTOR *all right!*

A MAN who passes in the name of "Ivor Mackay" poses as a chief engineer in the employ of a famous oil magnate. Ivor's place of business, so he tells prospective victims, is at the former's English headquarters.

Recently, at a Gravesend hotel, he met an unemployed sea pilot, whom he informed of his connection with the magnate. He was on the look-out for men, he said, mentioning particularly that he was empowered on the magnate's behalf to engage a berthing master.

He suggested that the job would suit the pilot. The latter, of course, was delighted at the opportunity of work and filled up a form of application which Mackay said must be sent to the Continent for the magnate's signature.

Mackay lacks nothing in inventive powers, and subsequently told the pilot that the men on his boat were giving him a lot of trouble. He proposed to pay some of them off, but was short of cash for the purpose.

The matter of a loan of £20 cropped up; the unemployed pilot, as can be understood, did not want to offend the man who was getting him a job, and he agreed to loan that amount to Mackay for a short period. Unfortunately, the money has gone for a long period. It will never be returned.

Mackay is a rogue who specialises in this form of crookedness; his power to convince people of his bonâ-fides is the main asset of his "business."

One of the impressive documents he carries about with him is a photograph of a pipe model of an oil lagging process. He says that the invention is his. It is not.

He can invent successful stories, but the process referred to has not emanated from his brain.

The police have received other complaints similar in character to the case here described. Those who live in towns where pilot stations and oil depôts are situated should be on the *qui vive* for this man, as these are the kind of places in which he mostly operates.

A Cattle-Dealing CATCH

A CERTAIN Mr. Batty, of no fixed abode, has been seeking an active partner to join him in speculative cattle-deals.

One man, who answered an advertisement in a Yorkshire newspaper, was told by Mr. Batty that there was big money to be made if one travelled from market to market and selected stock carefully.

He spoke so eloquently of the past deals he had brought off that the other agreed to join him, and together they set off on a tour of various Yorkshire markets.

* * *

At Harrogate they saw some attractive cattle, which a farmer named Murgatroyd was offering for sale. Mr. Batty immediately started bargaining, and it was finally agreed that they should pay the farmer £315.

Mr. Batty then found that the extent of his own liquid resources was £150, but his new partner was able to make up the balance of £165, so the deal was concluded.

The farmer promised that the cattle should be despatched without delay, but events now took an alarming turn.

* * *

While wandering through the market, Mr. Batty suddenly gave his partner the slip and he has not been seen since.

In the same way, Mr. Murgatroyd and his cattle have melted into the air, and the unfortunate partner is £165 out of pocket.

An attempt to trace these missing cattle-swindlers has so far failed because the advertisement which formed the original bait was tendered for insertion by a man who gave a false name and address.

Did You Know th

My old man of Devon" is what the Prince calls Mr. William Rich, his 85-year-old gamekeeper at the Duchy of Cornwall estate

THIS article lets you into the secret of why the Prince knows all about industry . . .

WHAT is the secret of the Prince of Wales' amazing knowledge of industry and all its problems—a knowledge as deep and extensive as that of any man of his age, despite the multitude of official duties that press on him?

Where did he get it, and why has he become known as our Merchant Prince?

There is no doubt about his qualifications for such a title, for every now and then he makes a speech on commercial or industrial matters that shows him to have full knowledge of the business world and all the difficulties that beset it.

Finding on a visit to South America that British trade there was lagging, he put his finger on the root cause with a confidence and certainty that amazed thousands of captains of industry assembled at Birmingham and Manchester to hear him.

Time and again since the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley, when he showed a wide knowledge of the staple industries in the remotest parts of the Empire, he has made speech after speech of which any President of the Board of Trade would be proud.

Is it any wonder that the whole country has long been wondering when and how he got his very complete and extensive grasp of subjects that are usually learned only in the workshops, offices and industrial councils of the nation?

For it is not mere book-learning. Theories would not have earned the tributes that have been paid to him by Sir William Morris and many other captains of trade who have literally built up industries; nor would they have set the legion of smaller business men saying, as they say about him, that here is a Prince who really understands them.

Bright—and early

No, the great value of the Prince's advice is that it is always practical—the advice of a man who has kept himself in the closest touch with the many industries with which he is concerned.

The secret of the Prince's knowledge of industrial subjects—as JOHN BULL can reveal in this first description of his life as a business man—is that he has made himself personally acquainted with the details of not only one industry but of the dozen or more represented on his Duchy of Cornwall estate.

And with his wide range of interests that has meant his rising every morning at an hour when the majority of people are still in bed, and turning his attention to his job as soon as he has finished his early cup of tea.

And what a complicated, many-sided job his is!

When he takes down the map of the West Country to study some detail of his estates, he sees not one great expanse concentrated down in Cornwall, but fifty different manors where he owns surface property, and seven or eight where he owns the minerals only, dotted over the face of several counties.

To consider only one aspect of it, he can pick out roughly 270 farms which, together with smaller holdings, bring the number of his farm tenants up to something like two thousand.

Vast estates

He flew down to Cornwall only a few days ago and had tea with two hundred of them.

He sees an estate covering the whole of the Scilly Isles, dotted thickly over Devon and Cornwall, having isolated patches in Wiltshire and Dorset and Somerset, and extending to a manor in Berkshire.

Who can wonder now why he can speak to the farmers of Britain with such a keen knowledge of all their difficulties, to the farmworkers with such complete understanding of what the agricultural decline has meant to them?

But farming is not the only industry on the Duchy of Cornwall estate—and it is far from being the only interest the Prince has set himself out to master.

"I am myself the proud proprietor of an oyster fishery near Falmouth," he once told a gathering of people connected with the oyster trade. And sure enough down in the Helford River you will find his beds, from which some of the most succulent oysters in the world are sent to our dining tables through an agency in London.

Flowers, too

Then it is not unlikely that some of your best china owns its whiteness, some of your best paper its gloss, to the Prince's china clay.

Both in Cornwall and Devon, the Duchy yields the milk-white mineral that means so much in labour to the West Country—and the Prince knows everything about it, from when it is found in the earth to when it reaches your table.

Tin, copper and iron are all mined on his estate. He has encouraged these industries to greater development in countless ways, and there are tin shafts and china clay pits that have provided a great deal of work to Cornishmen that would never have been sunk if it had not been for this encouragement.

The flower growers of the Scillies, who are all tenants of the Prince, are probably the most enterprising people in the world practising their particular trade.

They have their own little boat bringing the pretty and fragrant things they grow to the mainland. They knew what they wanted when they ordered it on a co-operative basis, and the shipbuilding yard actually based the final design on the rough plans they submitted.

"Why has he become known as our Merchant Prince?" Because he takes his business life seriously, as this article shows

And then they have their Flower Express to London.

Now the Prince is trying out a new experiment there—trying to get out-of-work Welsh miners to learn to grow flowers. And they are likely to be earning far more as growers next year than they ever got in their wage-packets as miners. So it looks as if the Prince is going to be right again!

At Chagford there is a silver fox farm, for the Prince was one of the first to realise that there was a

...at THE PRINCE . . .

Runs a Coal Mine, Has an Oyster Fishery, Started a Silver Fox Farm, Is Teaching Miners to Grow Flowers And even Owns Teasel Plantations?

British industry for the asking in fox farming. At Stoke-under-Hampden there is glove making.

And up at Midsomer Norton there are the Duchy's collieries. The Prince has often shown an almost inspired knowledge of the problems of coal mining—and here is one of the explanations.

Here, as elsewhere, he has not been afraid to experiment. One of the collieries is being run by the miners themselves, the Prince having handed it over to them.

Even teasel-growing is a thing he understands.

Perhaps you have never heard of teasels—but the nap on your suit or overcoat, which was probably put there by teasels from this royal estate, is evidence that there are such things.

What are teasels?

They are prickly little things that have to be gathered by farm-labourers, wearing thick gloves, after which they are sorted into three sizes, known as Kings, Middles, and Scrubs. Fixed to wheels that run them over the surface of cloth—anything up to 2,000 being used for each roll of fabric—they give the warm finish to coats and suits that is so much desired.

Inventors have tried to beat the workers in this primitive industry by designing metal teasels—but the Duchy yields better teasels. At any rate, the clothing trade says so.

One of the reasons why the Prince's tenants manage to produce just what the public is asking for at any particular moment is that he encourages them to study public taste.

He has an arrangement whereby certain departments of the biggest London stores are always open to inspection by any of the people connected with his estates, however humble their work.

Hint to packers

Every year they come to London—some of them oftener—to see what is popular with the buying public at the moment, and he has given instructions that they are to be shown all the latest methods employed in the packing of high-grade foodstuffs.

The Prince was the first Englishman publicly to point out that British producers were being beaten by the foreigners not so much in the quality of their goods as in the way in which they were packed, and it was largely through his influence that the idea of "packing it up anyhow" was dropped by British farmers.

He has asked one thing of the retailers in return.

He has invited them to go down to any part of his estates as often as they like to learn, on the spot, the difficulties that confront the producer and find, if they can, any useful commodities that have not yet been brought to the notice of the consumer.

Many a farmer on his estates has found a good market in London, Manchester and other big cities because of this interest of the Prince in his work.

"Some of my tenants seemed shy at first, because such visits to London seemed something in the nature of a big adventure," he said recently. "But they are learning a great deal."

Nor does all this exhaust the many interests of the Prince on his Duchy of Cornwall estate.

He is for one thing the owner of the Surrey County Cricket Ground—the Oval—which is on the London section of his estate. At a glass factory near by he has blown glass for himself.

In countless ways such as this he has learned to speak as a practical man.

Everywhere in the Duchy they know how practical he is. They were not surprised when, buying 4,000 acres of ranchland in Canada, he turned it not into the fad of an amateur, but into an efficient farm which, equipped at his direction with the most up-to-date buildings, machinery, and so on, is spoken of in Canada and America as a model for others to follow.

His employees enjoy working under him because he understands their jobs—and because he treats them as human beings and not as mere cogs in the industrial wheel. That has been one of his lessons to industry.

Lesson in cheese

He is the best adviser they ever had.

"Why make those big cheeses?" he asked dairy farmers who hadn't made the slightest change in their methods for thirty years. "They taste fine, and they are as pure as anything can be. But people move away from home too often to want big cheeses nowadays."

It didn't sound true at first, but they tried it. And the result soon showed that his advice was wise advice.

Then he told the stock breeders that they were not helping their industry by striving to produce the giant beasts that make cattle shows look picturesque, but serve no other purpose.

He told them that although he remembered the days when five or six children sat down with their parents to a huge Sunday joint, he was certain that now families were smaller, and more inclined to go out on Sunday afternoon, they wanted joints that were proportionately smaller.

"It may surprise you to know that even the baby car has depreciated the beef trade," he said.

It was an excellent piece of observation, for within a month the experts of the meat trade were saying the same thing, and results again proved the Prince to be right.

And he not only helps these tenants of his as a mass, but remembers them as individuals.

"He always calls me 'My old boy,'" said one of his old tenants.

Then, when the Prince was speaking recently, his eye at once lit on a face he remembered well.

"I see present one of my old land agents, who retired at the age of seventy-three with the good will of all the tenants in his district," he said.

He knew the old man at once—because he makes a practice of knowing everybody in whom he has an interest as a farmer or industrialist. His many duties may keep him for the most part in London, but every one of his tenants knows that this does not prevent him from taking the closest personal interest in his far-flung estate.

Thus it is as a man who is intimately acquainted not with one industry, but with many, that the Prince addresses industry from time to time.

No wonder his wealth of knowledge surprises great industrialists, at least those of them who do not realise what a personal and practical interest he takes in such diverse interests as are represented on his Duchy of Cornwall estate.

He is learning all the time, picking up useful hints that will help him to improve his own businesses

AMAZINGLY GOOD

says JOAN BARRY

Miss Joan Barry, the famous stage and film star, writes: "My curiosity was aroused when I discovered that nearly all the smart girls I know were using Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream. The reason was a delightful surprise, because I found this exquisite combination of cream and powder in one amazingly good for the complexion."

POWDER CREAM MIRROR

Obtainable everywhere in popular shades.

ALL IN ONE 1/-

If you like Powder-Cream you will be equally delighted with Potter & Moore's Cleansing Cream 1/- & 3/6

Potter & Moore's
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POWDER-CREAM

EVEN GASTRIC ULCERS YIELD TO THIS NEW TREATMENT

THESE last few months doctors have found that even gastric and duodenal ulcers yield to what is known as the Maclean Formula, the cure for indigestion now used in the Clinics of the leading London Hospitals.

There they have proved in case after case that it is an almost infallible cure for ordinary indigestion. Acid stomach, wind, flatulence—all these troubles cease overnight.

And now you can get this Maclean Formula ready packed for your own use. Now you can take this simple, certain step to end the pain and discomfort which makes so many lives a misery.

Just go to any chemist and get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Ask for it by that exact name because then you are certain it is the exact Formula which the doctors have proved.

If your chemist is out of stock, send 2/- direct to Macleans, Ltd., Park Royal, London, N.W.10. Special Note: To get the genuine Maclean Brand powder see the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN"; it is not sold loose and is only obtainable in 1/3 and 2/- cartons, the latter containing double the quantity. Also family size 5/-, and packed in tablet form for convenience in travelling, etc.

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FROM £3-10s CASH or TERMS

JOHN OXENHAM *tells a Curious Good-Luck Story*

"AS far as I can see, it works out at sixteen million per cent. profit," said the mathematician, looking up from the sheet which he had been covering with figures.

"Oh, come!" I said, "you're surely piling it on a bit. Sixteen million per cent.! I thought there was a legal limit——"

"Don't be an ass! This isn't interest. There's no limit to the profit you can make—if you can."

"Still—sixteen million. . . ."

"Well, here it is. You said it cost five shillings——"

"That's how the story came to me."

"And it was sold for forty thousand pounds."

"So I was told."

"Very well then. £40,000 on a cost of five shillings is equivalent to £160,000 on a cost of one pound. See that?"

"I suppose so," I said mistily.

"And I suppose you can see that if you have £100 and make a profit of 10 per cent on it you will then have in hand £110."

"Yes. I once——"

"Never mind that. So, if the equivalent of a profit of £40,000 on five shillings is £160,000 on one pound, then, at the same rate, the profit on £100 must be one hundred times £160,000, or, as I said, sixteen million per cent."

"All right!" I said, holding my head. "I'm not the Chancellor of the Exchequer—thanks be!—so we'll let it go at that."

And that accounts for the heading of this story. If my friend is wrong in his figures you can blame him. I am not used to working in such high altitudes.

* * *

This that I am telling you is a fairy-tale of to-day; but, unlike most fairy-tales, it is true—in substance and in fact.

When it was told to me a short time ago, I was somewhat sceptical—as you will be. But the source from which it came was above suspicion, and though, in my efforts to verify it, I have found some differences in detail, the main facts seem to be beyond dispute.

Here is the story as told to me:

Mr. and Mrs. A—so to label them for purposes of non-identification—were holiday-making in Wales.

In a certain small town there they came upon an old curiosity shop, and in the window Mrs. A saw some cheap-looking necklaces.

Among them was a black one which rather took her fancy—it looked so odd and simple among the more showy ones.

The old man in charge deprecatingly asked five shillings for it, and was rather surprised when she paid the money without any attempt to beat him down.

Mrs. A, however, was quite pleased with her purchase, and wore it for some time with complete satisfaction.

Then one day, when she was up in Manchester, she was so fortunate as to break the string of her necklace. She gathered up the beads and took them to the nearest jeweller and asked him to re-string them.

When she called, the following day, to collect her necklace, the assistant in the shop said to her that the manager would very much like to see her.

"But why? I don't need to see the manager," she said. "All I want is my necklace."

"He told me to say that he would very much like to see you, madam."

"Oh, very well"—and he ushered her into the manager's room.

"You wish to see me about my necklace?" she asked.

"Yes, madam. I wished to ask if you would be willing to sell it."

"Sell it? No, I have no intention of selling it. I've got quite fond of it."

* * *

"Well, if ever you should think of selling it, perhaps you will let me make you an offer for it?"

"All right," and she went off.

But when she got outside she thought to herself, "Well, I might, at all events, have learned what he thought it was worth." And, after a moment's hesitation, she went back.

"If I should think of selling my necklace what would you be inclined to offer?" she asked.

"I could give you ten thousand pounds for it, madam."

And, as the lady who told me the story said, "she neither fainted, nor even asked for a glass of water."

She stood the shock gallantly and managed to say, "I will see my husband about it and let you know," and got out before her spinning head had time to bring her to confusion.

Ten thousand pounds!—five shillings! Enough to make anybody's head spin.

When she told her husband he said, "Well, if it's worth ten thousand pounds to him it's probably worth more to us."

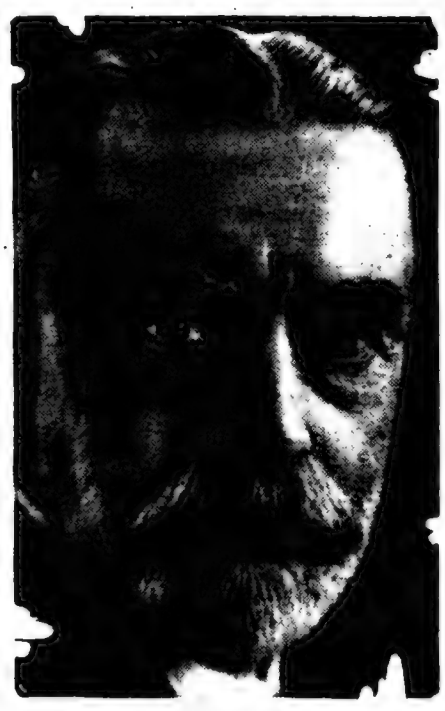
And after much consideration they decided to take the necklace up to London and get expert opinion on it.

By Christie's advice it was put up to auction by them, and it was knocked down at forty thousand pounds.

The beads were black pearls.

Mr. and Mrs. A went down into Wales, to the old man from whom they had bought the necklace, told him they had done well with it, and asked him what they could do for him.

He said he was getting old, the shop



was not very profitable, if they could see their way to giving him £3 a week for as long as he lived he would be perfectly happy.

They saw their way to do it and made him happy.

That is how the story came to me, and as I say, though it came from an irreproachable source, it was not easy to swallow it whole. Such things simply don't happen nowadays.

But here is the sequel:

A few months later, I was down in the city of Gloucester, and there I met a friend who happens to be one of the

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Homely Wisdom—by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

Fed Up with LIFE!

THERE have been several suicides reported in the Press lately which have one feature in common—namely, that the persons thus putting an end to their existence have all left behind them the confession that they felt too weary to be able to go on.

They killed themselves because they could no longer endure the prospect of a continuance of life as they knew it.

Here are some of the reasons given by persons living to-day for saying that they would rather be dead:

I met an American business man not long ago who calmly told me that, although he had no intention of committing suicide, he would welcome the end when it came and hoped he would not live to be old.

His home was all right, he had no big sorrow in his life, and his business was fairly prosperous. Why, then, had life lost all savour for him?

One could only conclude that he was living for interests which began and ended with money-making, and this is not good enough for any man.

One poor fellow in England put his head in a gas-oven some time back because he had been out of work for years and could find nothing to do. He said he could not stand life on such terms. The sheer boredom of it was driving him mad.

That a man of good constitution and with plenty of intelligence should be living in enforced idleness, and with nothing better to look forward to, was to him intolerable. There must be many who share his feeling in these hard times.

For an almost opposite reason, there are toil-worn women who would regard it as no ill news that they were marked for death—or so they think. They are weary to the point of collapse, weary of keeping on, and keeping on, and keeping on, day after day, year after year, with no hope of any change for the better.

* * *

The unrelaxing struggle to make ends meet is ever on their minds; they never have enough to satisfy their simple wants and the wants of those for whom they have to care; their work is never done.

To scrape a few pence together they go out to a casual job here and another there, often at a considerable distance, and when they come home they have to start their own housework and to clean, mend, and tidy up for a clamorous family.

They go to bed tired, and they get up tired. From year's end to year's end they never know what it is to be properly rested or perhaps properly fed.

With that wonderful self-sacrificing nature that God has given to women they can bear it all bravely if there is plenty of love in their life. But if not, the will to live is apt to wither away.

* * *

Think, too, of the unmated women—the frustrated, lonely, unwanted. "Nobody cares whether I live or die," wrote one the other day. Theirs is perhaps as dreary a lot as any and is much to be pitied.

Men and women weary of life, you can be born again into hope and joy if you will. Grow a rich interior life of your own, a life of high thoughts and noble purposes, and then set to work to give it expression in the life of others.

Assuredly you can do it, and if you do your world will be filled with light.

"THE cab man in charge deprecatingly asked five shillings fare, and was rather surprised when she paid the money without any attempt to beat him down"

"16 Million Per Cent."

greatest experts in jewels of all kinds in the kingdom.

And as I sat talking with him, in the long, upper room in Robert Raikes' house, in Southgate Street, I thought I would amuse him by telling him the fairy-tale of the necklace which was bought for five shillings and sold for forty thousand pounds.

He is a widely travelled man, of large experience and many interests. He is a friend of Howard Carter, and was with him and Lord Carnarvon at the opening of Tutankhamen's tomb. His knowledge of jewels, ancient and modern, is unique and unrivalled.

* * *

But I had barely started on my story when he put his hand on my arm and said, "My boy, I know all about it, and a great deal more than you do."

"Then it really is true."

"Perfectly true. It was bought for a song and sold for a fortune. . . . As a matter of fact, it was the necklace of Mary Queen of Scots. It disappeared after her execution and was never heard of again till it turned up in this curious way. There are only five notable black pearl necklaces in existence and this was one of them.

"Three of them have passed through my hands and I know all about the other two, and I keep my eye on them all."

"But how on earth did Queen Mary's necklace get into an old curio shop in Wales?"

"The story goes that when she was kneeling at the block, that grey February morning in 1587, at Fotheringay Castle, she had forgotten to remove her necklace.

"The executioner told her to take it off, and she unsnapped it and threw it to him. He dropped it into the pocket of his leather jerkin and forgot all about it.

"When he found it later on, he gave it to his little daughter to play with, having no idea, of course, of its value.

"The child kept it until, long afterwards, she saw a book in a shop and wanted it. Books in those days were somewhat rarer than they are now. She was tired of the necklace and she wanted the book.

"So she swapped the one for the other—a dear book!—£40,000! One would like to know what it was. And so the black pearl necklace started on its travels."

And one would, of course, like to follow every step of its way, and fill in all the gaps in the story. I have done my best, but without success. Why did not Queen Elizabeth, having annexed Mary's head and all her rights, make sure of all her effects also?

The unfortunate Queen of Scots gave away most of her personal belongings before her death, but that favourite necklace she happened to be wearing, and forgot it till the executioner, fearing it would interfere with his stroke, bade her remove it. A waiting block may well make one forgetful of little things like that.

Black pearls may, of course, not have been valued so highly in those days as they are now. But had the acquisitive Elizabeth known of that necklace and its value, she would certainly never have let it slip through her fingers.

And had she known of it, and learned where it had gone, that heedless headsman would have had but short shrift, Mrs. A would never have made the most fortunate purchase of her life, and I would never have had the pleasure of telling you the story.

I fear it is not much use any of us ransacking old curio shops for black pearl necklaces in these days, for my friend says there are only five in existence—that is, necklaces that might be considered worth while—and he keeps a watchful eye upon them all.

Next Week:

"THE WATCHMAN,"

by

A. E. COPPARD

£10,000 Reward!

During the next few weeks JOHN BULL will be rewarding senders of good *Bullets* with the colossal total of £10,000 in Holiday Prizes!

The first huge instalment of our record-breaking distribution of cash awaits you on page 35.

And each of the fifty fine Holiday Cheques offered this week will be in the hands of the winners by July 28.

Win your holiday expenses by an amusing half-hour on *Bullets* this evening!

The Human Machine

Find the Smiles!

IT has become fashionable to be gloomy. The optimist is almost regarded with suspicion; yet, apart from the sheer lack of mental balance and self-control that morbidity indicates, what good does it do anyone to be everlastingly on the grouse?

And it is probably true that there is a real touch of unpleasant mental arrogance about a mind that is always dwelling on gloom, and that refuses to see how brightness far outweighs it. There is more than a suspicion of the pharisaical "Thank God I am not as other men" about such a mind.

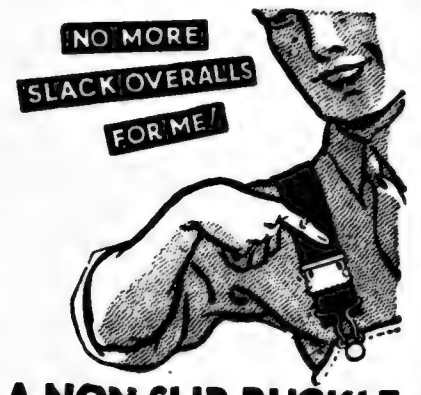
For consider! Isn't it the simple truth that we only see calamity and tragedy sticking out so big because they are so rare? Don't we all tend to take the innumerable pleasant things of life for granted because they are so common?

Think of the people you meet in the course of only one day. Don't the vast majority give you a cheerful word instead of a curse? Don't you see far more smiles than frowns? If you are honest, you'll have to admit it.

How many of the things you do every day make life worth living? The only honest answer is that most of them do, because they are nearly all things we want to do. The things we don't want to do are the exception. The things that irritate and annoy are as a drop in the ocean beside the rest.

Make up your mind to believe a simple truth and a profound philosophy. The cure for pessimism is optimism. The remedy for depression is cheerfulness. The antidote for a morbid outlook on life is to get out of the rut and achieve a healthy realisation that the world is stuffed full of good things, beautiful things, good people, kind people, happy people.

And, after all, the world's a big place. Where's the sense in confining one's mind to a little corner of it?



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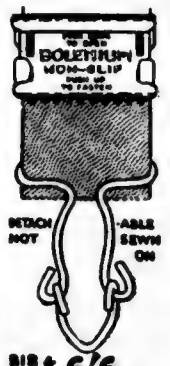

Here is a buckle that cannot slip. The greater the strain, the tighter its grip—yet it is surprisingly simple to adjust. Substantially constructed in solid brass, there is nothing to rust. No other overall has this unique feature—insist on Boleniums, the super overalls. Toughest of the Tough.

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Ask your outfitter. If any difficulty write direct to **BOLENIUMS OVERALLS (Dept 1), Upton Park, London, E.13.**

PICNICS AND MIDGE BITES

Look Up No. 26

A cynic once remarked that picnics would be very pleasant and enjoyable if they could take place indoors. No doubt he meant by this that while one half of Nature was an asset to the picnic, the other half—the midges, the mosquitoes, the wasps, and the livestock in general—was nothing more than a pest.

There used to be a great deal of truth in that cynic's remark. But there isn't any longer, for we have Milton now! Milton—the ordinary, everyday Milton—is the quickest and most soothing healer of all bites and stings that it is possible to use. It may seem surprising to you that Milton can accomplish this miracle in addition to all its other uses. But it is just another version of the old, but very true, Milton story of a powerful but quite harmless disinfectant. Milton, in fact, neutralises the poisons which cause the pain and irritation of bites and stings. It takes the swelling down—or, if you use it quick enough, prevents it from forming at all. And because the cause of the swelling is also the cause of the pain, you will find that your Milton—dabbed on at full strength—at once relieves all the sting.

But—important as that is—Milton performs a much more important duty than that. Bites and stings can be more than irritating—they can be dangerous. They can become the starting point of poisoning and inflammation that may even prove fatal in its effects. It is this danger that Milton completely abolishes. Even if the skin has been scratched and broken, Milton will heal it cleanly and rapidly.

Slip a bottle of Milton into the picnic basket this summer—be sure you have a bottle when you go on holiday. Apply it full strength, rub it well into the skin, repeat the dose as many times as you like—for Milton can do nothing but good.

Look up "Use No. 26" in the new indexed directions booklet that is packed with every bottle for exact instructions for use.

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HUMAN DOCUMENTS—*Probed by* PHILIP INMAN

Two-Job Wives Want Too Much

—Housewife?

She must make up her mind which, for she cannot be both

I HAVE been asked to deal with the question—"Should a woman carry on her career after her marriage?"

It is the sort of question that one-half of the world answers emphatically with the word "No," and the other half replies with an equally definite "Yes"—both without any qualification whatever.

Yet the right and wrong of this problem can only be determined, I think, not by dealing with the question as it stands, but by taking into account all the circumstances that surround it.

Let us look at a couple of typical cases. Here is one letter I have received from a reader:

"I am a district representative of a Glasgow business house in which my fiancée is employed as manager's secretary. We intend to be married next Hogmanay.

"But there is a fly in the ointment. My fiancée desires to be allowed to continue her business career after marriage, while I hold that marriage is itself a career.

"She instances several well-known

Business Woman or—

women who have succeeded in various spheres of life in spite of the fact that they are married, and she dubs as 'early Victorian' my contention that a wife's place is in the home.

"When I asked what would happen if children came along, she replied that after an appropriate interval her career would be resumed and the baby placed in the care of a competent nurse.

"It is not a question of lack of means, mind you, for my salary is sufficient to keep us in comfort, though she does hold that her salary added to mine would enable us to move in a higher social circle than we could otherwise do.

"The whole idea is repugnant to me. I should like my wife to be there to welcome me when I come home from work in the evenings, to darn my socks and superintend the cooking of my dinner.

"I should like my girls and boys to have a real mother like I had, and I think that my fiancée, like quite a lot of modern girls, is demanding the best of both worlds. She wants to eat her cake and have it.

"However, she thinks a great deal of your common-sense, just as I do, and we have agreed to act on your advice in the matter."

I am touched by that expression of confidence in my judgment, but I feel my position rather keenly. I realise that the happiness of these two people may very likely depend on what I say.

So let us analyse the case very carefully.

My correspondent is in regular employment, and his salary is "sufficient to keep them in comfort." What more can a wife ask?

It would be different if she were expected to live in a couple of rooms where she might find the time hanging heavily on her hands. Different, too, if the husband's income were insufficient to meet the bare necessities of life. But in this case these things do not arise.

I, too, may be "early Victorian," like my correspondent, for I believe that a woman's natural place is in her home. Marriage is the greatest career in the world.

Family life and children are the most "worth-while" possessions we can have. There is nothing, not even a successful business life, that can take their place.

But that girl must see these things for herself. It is no use acting on another person's opinion, and then regretting it afterwards. She must decide whether home life, a husband's love and children are more desirable to her than her present position.

It is no good her saying "I want them both." That seems impossible—her fiancé holding the views he does. To attempt it would only lead to unpleasantness.

I must say I think her fiancé is absolutely right. His letter is an eminently sound and sensible one. He believes in the old-fashioned philosophy of the hearth and the home. He wants a mate who is housewife, friend and lover all in one.

I see nothing unreasonable in his desires, and I therefore give my vote unhesitatingly to him. I hope his girl will, too. But let me again impress upon her to weigh any words carefully and then act in accordance with her *own* instincts. Otherwise the result might be disastrous.

* * *

The second letter I have to consider is on rather different lines. In this case the girl is already married. This is what she says:

"I am the object of derision and scorn on the part of some of my neighbours. I was a secretary before I was married, and I have retained my position, even though my husband is in permanent employment.

"I am told constantly that it is a great shame when there are so many others out of work for me to occupy a position which might be taken by someone in need.

"But these are the facts: Shortly after our marriage my husband had to undergo a serious operation, and the doctors said he would always be delicate. His illness was due to his particular employment, and so long as he remains in that work there may be a repetition of his old trouble at any time.

"The doctors say that if that happened he would have to give up his work altogether. He has tried to find another position, but has failed. I have kept my own job so that, in the event of the worst happening, we should have something to fall back upon.

"I hate to feel that I am regarded as selfish and inconsiderate, and as I always read your page with profit I should be grateful if you would give me your views on this question.

"My neighbours do not realise that I would far sooner stay at home and do my household work, which I have to do in any case after a hard day's work in the office."

This correspondent is made of the right stuff. Her neighbours are judging her without knowing the full facts.

She admits that she would "far sooner stay at home" than go to work. But her husband's health is the shadow that haunts her. She is acting on the principle of making hay while the sun shines. And I think she is justified in doing so.

* * *

I take it that she is physically fit herself. It would be penny wise and pound foolish for her to risk her own health and strength by attempting to do too much. A couple of invalids would be no compensation for her well-meaning efforts.

But if she feels able to carry on until either her husband is stronger or their financial position has improved, I advise her to do so.

My readers will see from the two cases I have quoted that what I said at the beginning is absolutely right. On the surface you can answer both "Yes" and "No" to the question—Should a woman carry on her career after her marriage? But it all depends on the circumstances.

PHILIP INMAN is JOHN BULL'S "Humanist." It is his aim to solve every problem presented to him by our readers. He fully realises that his position involves him in a grave responsibility, and so his advice is given in no indifferent spirit, but in a sincere desire to help.

Write to him and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. One guinea will be paid to every reader whose letter he quotes.

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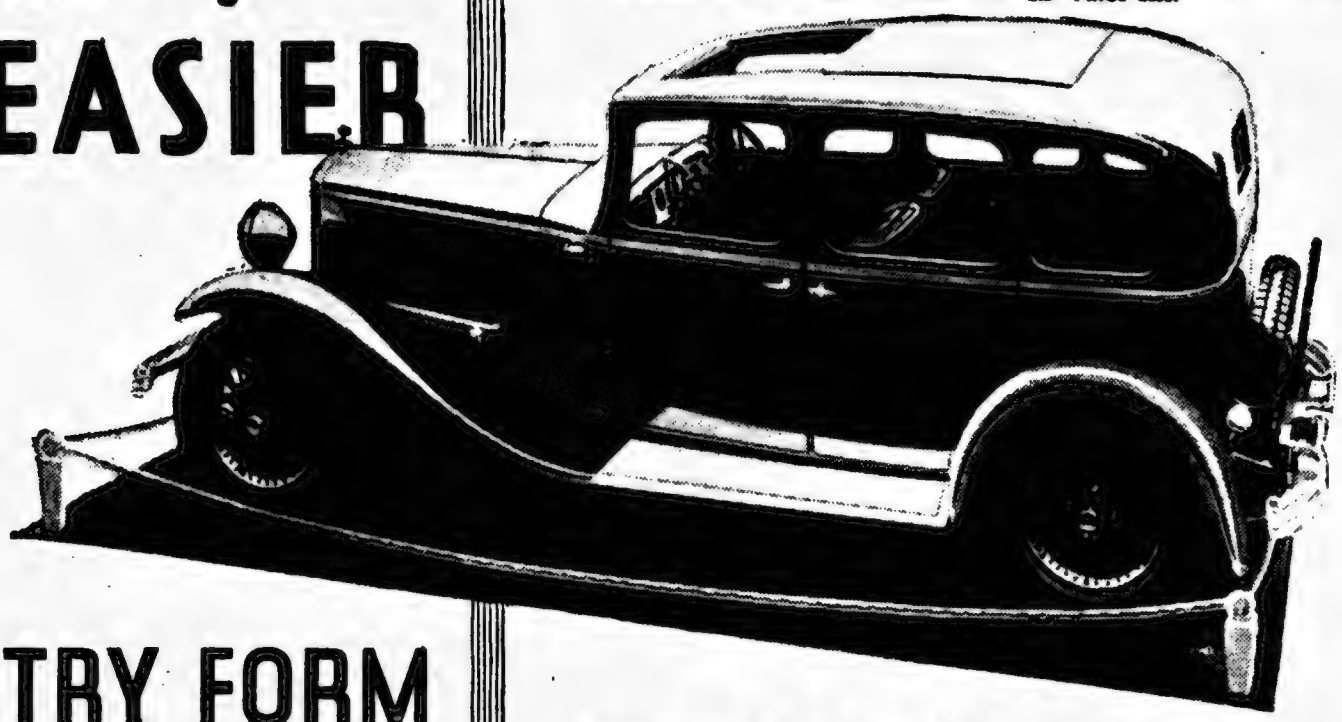

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Car No. 122
Mr. L. C. STEPHENS
Journalist,
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Whitchurch, Glam.

Car No. 123
Mr. JAMES McKINNELL
Salesman,
c/o Macpherson, 18 Dean Park St.,
Edinburgh, Scotland.

Car No. 124
Mrs. P. WATTS
Housewife,
22 Copperfield Road,
Stoke, Coventry.

Car No. 125
Mr. A. C. KENNEDY
Plumber,
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Car No. 126
Mr. FRED. HAINGE
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ONE OF THE WINNING OPINIONS: "Smokers who inhale find the safety assured by Kensitas as pleasing as the quality of the specially purified tobacco used."

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to save money by rolling their owners' own cigarettes. Choose the 'baccy you like best, use AG papers, and your smokes cost far less and give more satisfaction. If you have a machine for rolling — any gadget of any kind — use AG just the same to be sure of best results.

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Crossword Pension Won Outright Again.

Result of "John Bull" Crossword Competition No. 249.

The only correct solution in this contest was received from

MR. J. A. BROWN, SHALDEN PARK FARM, ALTON, HANTS,

who, subject to the conditions of the Competition, will receive a Life Pension of £3 a Week, or £1,250 cash.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize, must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, July 12th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £30 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 29 competitors, from whom we received solutions containing one error, and who will each receive £1 5s. 8d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

Enter to-day for "John Bull's" Mammoth 2-word on page 22. £3 a Week for Life or £2,000 cash MUST BE WON with £100 extra for runners-up.

WHEN I WAS ONE *against* 3,000

The HOUR I'D LIVE AGAIN *by* SHAW DESMOND,

Novelist and Traveller

MY "crowded hour of glorious life" came to me one morning in a newspaper paragraph, at a time when I was in my twenties, the youngest secretary and director of public companies in London, and pining in Lombard Street.

My pulses still beat the faster and the blood runs to my face when I think of that "greatest hour."

The paragraph was, simply, a call to arms of the Great Middle Classes in face of what was then called "the Red Peril" of Socialism.

A new Middle-Class Party was to be formed. The rallying place was to be the Great Hall of the Cannon Street Hotel, where I had often held my own company meetings.

The instant I read that paragraph, I knew I was at the parting of my ways.

Either I accepted that challenge, from my own class, to the Socialism which I had secretly espoused many years before I came out into the world as the novelist and publicist which I had always known was my real work in life, or . . . I would remain to the end of my days a prosperous City man.

For years I had been sitting amongst High Finance, keeping my democratic views a dead secret under my shining silk hat and faultless frock coat.

Now, I knew I had to choose which this day I would serve—God or, as it seemed to me, Mammon.

• • •

I went into that vast hall packed to the doors with perhaps two or three thousand people, with my heart in my throat and my courage in my toes.

About me, I saw my own co-directors, and with them London's leading bankers and professional men.

One of the Balfour family was on the platform. The man by his side was head of the bank at which my own dozen companies banked. The head of the firm which had just made a tentative offer to me of a partnership sat beyond.

Speech after speech I listened to—the speech of autocracy against democracy it hated. For in those days politics were the real thing and not the mock combats of to-day's House of Commons. As for me, I did not know another Socialist in the world, had never joined the Social Democratic Federation or the Independent Labour Party, the two Socialist bodies of those days, and in that hall was the only democrat there.

Since "those dear dead days beyond recall" I have modified many of my views and added some others, but, like the old war-horse, I often long again for the tang of the battle of tongue and fist at the street corner, for the real if often misplaced idealism which animated the Socialists of those days.

But history never repeats herself.

Yet there I sat, hearing everything I held dear, denounced by Church and State and City. Listening to the nowls of approval which came from the closed ranks around me. Wondering if, when I got to my feet, I should not be torn in pieces as well as lose my job in Lombard Street

The chairman, urbane, assured, put the resolution of the Great Middle Classes to form a new Party to dam (and in more senses than one) the Socialist flood, and asked casually if there were any amendments.

There was a dead silence as I tried to get on to my feet.

My heart was pounding in my throat, and for all my apparent calm, my perfect grooming, and the discipline which I had learnt at a dozen shareholders' meetings in that very hall, I was the most frightened man in Europe.

Not frightened of what those about could do to me physically, for I was a powerful and trained athlete, but afraid that my courage would go back on me.

I heard a still small voice speaking as from afar off and wondered what it could be.

It was my own!

I was listening to myself, as in a nightmare, moving a Socialist amendment to the Middle Class resolution.

It was my first speech in public to a hostile audience, and my ideas of public meeting procedure were of the haziest.

Then, to his eternal credit, I heard the chairman, for the sake of English fair play, ask me to come up to the high platform to move my amendment. He did it "superiorly"—but he did it!

How I walked the length of that great hall amidst the cat-calls, the howls of execration, and the hisses which seemed to come from a den of cobras, I shall never know.

• • •

I stumbled as I tried to get on to the platform in my very tight, striped, fashionable grey trousers. It let loose a storm of laughter.

That laughter was my salvation.

It nerved me.

I stood there facing that ribald assembly, and in an impassioned and probably rather ridiculous speech of five minutes, I formally moved my amendment—but only after the chairman had reminded me that I had not done so, that I had only been speaking against the resolution!

When I finished there was a dead silence. I had held my first hostile audience—held it in spite of itself.

In that high-pulsing moment, I felt conqueror of the world—victor of my fate—able to make those tight-packed rows of men and women come and eat out of my hand.

It was a quite extraordinary moment, which comes once or twice in a lifetime to the public speaker, and though I have since then addressed meetings of from five thousand to one hundred thousand, I have never again quite known the thrill of that crowded hour.

But I had burned my boats!

The next day my name was in every paper in London, from the *Times* (then the pundit from which there was no appeal) downwards. For twenty-four hours I was a sort of national traitor and national hero.

But it was that "hour" which led me to great Continental and American audiences. Which led me to the writing of my novels and plays. Which, in a word, "had broken me out into life."

And those hours never come twice. *We could not bear them!*

"The Greatest of These" — Seven Motherless Kiddies

Help his dad!

"A WEEK ago," writes six-year-old Richard's father, "I had the sad misfortune to bury my wife. I am left with seven children, ranging from ten months upwards to fifteen years.

"The doctor has to-day told me that my eldest girl, aged fifteen, is needing to go away to convalesce, and I have no money.

"My wife died in hospital, aged thirty-four, from abscess on the lungs, bronchitis and pneumonia. I have only 'relief' work at 30s. a week."

When this distracted widower has paid his rent of 12s. 6d., his lighting and coals, he has 12s. a week left on which to feed and clothe himself and his seven kiddies.

Even if his eldest girl were well enough to find work, this would be impossible, as now she has to mother the family.

• • •

We lay these stark facts concerning Richard's family before our readers, whose imaginations will easily fill in the details of the wretched struggle these children and their dad are enduring.

"I can assure you," says their vicar, "it is a most genuine and needy case."

Any donation sent for Richard, or to the fund generally, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions can be seen at this office and a copy of the current week's donations will be sent on application.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO FOUND HER APPETITE

Yesterday she only toyed with her food—and, of course, Mother was a little concerned. But to-day, she has a bowl of Kellogg's Rice Krispies and cold milk—and just see the difference! Watch her dip right in with her spoon and enjoy every morsel.

Kellogg's Rice Krispies actually crackle in cold milk or cream. The very sound fascinates children. And how they love the flavour!

Serve for breakfast, lunch—fine for the children's supper. No cooking required. So easy to digest, Rice Krispies invite restful sleep.

Sold by all grocers. Always oven-fresh in the red-and-green packet. *Quality guaranteed.*

Kellogg's

RICE KRISPIES

Made by KELLOGG *in* LONDON, CANADA
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Bush House, London, W.C.2

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"Sent that coupon yet?"

No?—Well, why not send it NOW—it's the first step towards getting your new Bicycle.

You cannot afford to choose a new bicycle until you have seen the B.S.A. Catalogue, and realised what magnificent value B.S.A.'s offer you.

The greatest Bicycle value money can buy—that's B.S.A. B.S.A. Central-pull Brakes; B.S.A. Free Wheel; B.S.A. Pedals; Dunlop Tyres—these are some of the features of B.S.A. Popular Bicycles—and you can buy any model easily out of your weekly pay envelope.

Don't forget that Doctors say "Ride a Bicycle if you want to keep fit."

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B.S.A. CYCLES LTD.
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Please send B.S.A. Bicycle Catalogue

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B.S.A. BICYCLES from £4.19.6 or 2/2 A WEEK

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FURNISH on the HACKNEY PLAN

Your Instalments are paid for you in Illness or Accident.
—And, if anything happens to you—your dependants get the Furniture and a Cheque for half the total instalments paid.

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The Hackney Plan gives complete protection against all risks usually associated with Furnishing out of income, by a FREE Policy Guaranteed by the Eagle Star Insurance Co., Ltd.

Send Coupon for further details and particulars of full protection in event of BURGLARY, FIRE, etc.

YOU PAY ONLY 10/- MONTHLY FOR EVERY £20 WORTH OF HACKNEY FURNITURE

No. 7 'STRATFORD' 3-PIECE SUITE. Handsome modern design and perfect workmanship. Comprising Settee and two Easy Chairs. Beautifully sprung and upholstered throughout in fine Hide-effect Rexine with Brass studded edges.
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Enclose in unsealed ½d. stamped envelope. J.B. 145

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NOW! BEFORE YOU FORGET!

Publicity Advertising Service Ltd.

YOU CANNOT AGE QUICKER THAN YOUR ARTERIES

Prevent their hardening by flushing out through the kidneys the impurities which rob them of their normal elasticity, says medical man.

Constantly forming impurities and poisons, such as uric acid, urate of soda, etc., if allowed to remain in the blood soon deposit on the walls of the arteries which harden and no longer regulate the blood pressure by expanding and contracting. In extreme cases they are unable to cope with the increased flow of blood which follows any shock, excitement or quick exertion. The resultant high blood pressure seriously affects the heart and in some cases may even prove fatal. If you experience pains around the heart or suffer from palpitation after hurrying upstairs, start to remedy your condition at once. Delay may be dangerous. Drink occasionally a tumbler of water in which you have dissolved a level teaspoonful of 'Alkia Saltrates,' a supply of which is obtainable at slight cost from any chemist. This alkaline medicinal water will quickly neutralise and wash out the acidulous impurities which cause all the trouble. Try this for a few days and notice how much better and younger you feel as your arteries are rejuvenated and regain normal elasticity.

Has New Hair

Kotalko Did It!

"I was almost bald," writes Miss Annie Thompson. "I tried all kinds of treatments, but the falling of my hair continued. **"At last I was advised to try Kotalko,** and to my great joy discovered that I had finally found the right thing. The new hair growth developed and strengthened. "It has been maintained in length and quantity, as you will see by my photograph. My hair is all that can be desired. **"I cannot praise Kotalko sufficiently,** for it has really worked wonders in my case."

Men also who were bald-headed for years report new hair growth through KOTALKO. Many testimonials from men and women.

Test Box If you have dandruff or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or quite bald, write

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 2, Percy Street (53 V.E.), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

Name .....

Address .....

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CORNS

QUICKLY GONE FOR GOOD!

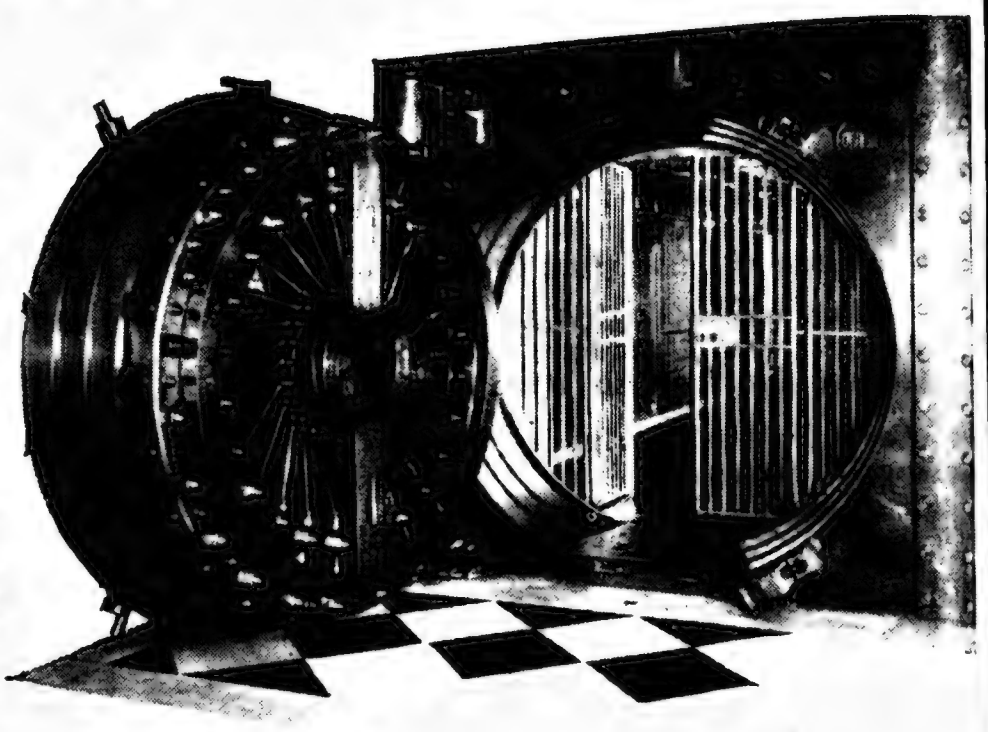
Medicated DISK loosens corn. *Rim of PAD removes cause—Shoe pressure.* *Inner part mildly medicated to end pain.*

New! Medicated Disks, used with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, for positive removal of corns and callouses in 48 hours! *No extra cost!* Medicated Disks are now included in every packet of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns and Callouses. In one minute pain ends! In two days hard, dead skin is loosened and easy to remove. Safe, sure, antiseptic. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Corns-between-toes; from all Dr. Scholl's Depots, Chemists and Shoe Shops, per pkt. 1/3.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

Behind the Scenes at the BANKS



The thirty-five ton door of the strong room at the Midland Bank—thirty-five tons of devilish ingenuity!

THE banks may have gone off the gold standard, but they have certainly gone on to the monumental standard.

They may be blamed for not putting our finances in order, but, architecturally speaking, at any rate, they have put their own houses in order.

Some of the striking new offices which the joint stock banks have erected in the City of London are unexcelled anywhere else in the world for the excellence of their design, safety devices and amenities.

The Midland Bank, in Poultry, for instance, has a strong room protected by a door which is the largest of its kind in the country.

It is controlled by four time locks (which prevent its being opened before a certain hour) and four code combinations, and is balanced so finely that it moves under quite gentle pressure—but it weighs thirty-five tons. Thirty-five tons of compressed steel; thirty-five tons of devilish ingenuity!

The Westminster, in Lothbury, has immense strong rooms of such strength that they are impregnable even to gun fire. They cost a fortune to make.

Statisticians have calculated that if full facilities were allowed to an expert cracksman equipped with the most up-to-date burglary outfit known to science it would take him two lifetimes to break through these walls.

Seven hundred and fifty feet below ground level are the bank's own artesian wells. Five pumps, each of which draws 1,200 gallons an hour, feed a basement store of 57,000 gallons and another 27,000 gallons reserve on the roof.

Lloyds also has an artesian well under its premises.

Sunburnt workers

Lloyds, more perhaps than any other bank, has employed original yet thoroughly practical ideas in equipping its head office.

The ledger-keepers work in what is now famous in banking circles as the "Sunshine Room"—although it is a *windowless room in a basement!* It is lit by modern electric lamps through panels, made to look like windows, in the walls and ceiling.

The effect produced is that of a summer sun streaming into the cellar. And when a clerk looks sunburnt it is because he has been working for a week or two in the Sunshine Room.

Travelling belts, similar to those common in many workshops, run to this room from the counters, carrying to the book-keepers with the minimum loss of time all the cheques and credit vouchers received by the counter cashiers.

But perhaps the most up-to-date idea is the telewriter, which enables a cashier to discuss the weather and the cricket with a customer whilst he flashes an enquiry down to the basement as to the man's account.

The message is conveyed in the actual writing of the sender, and the reply comes back by similar means—out of sight of the customer. The telewriter is also used for sending messages from office to office.

Lloyds' strong room doors are all massive affairs of fifteen tons each, and the strong rooms are completely surrounded by a passage which can be patrolled day and night.

All the new offices have strong rooms like fortresses, though some are fortified more elaborately than others.

And the staff kitchens—they are worthy at least of Park Lane hotels. That of the Midland Bank supplies luncheons daily to considerably over a thousand clerks; the Westminster to fifteen hundred; and the others cater on a similar scale. Lloyds has a roof garden attached to its restaurant, and Martins a "coffee balcony."

The Midland Bank is, of course, the largest institution of its kind in the British Empire, and second or third in the world. And its new headquarters splendidly befits that high position.

The banking hall itself—the part the general public sees—is claimed to be the largest in the country, if not in the world. The ceiling is supported by some forty pillars, themselves worth a fortune. They are covered to a thickness of a quarter of an inch with verdite, set in the form of a magnified mosaic.

Verdite is rarer than big bank balances. It is a veined green mineral found in Northern Rhodesia, but the supply is so limited that nowhere else in the world is there such an accumulation as in the Midland Bank in Poultry. The obvious thought is that no one but a bank could afford to buy so much.

Behind the walnut counters there is accommodation for a huge staff. The fittings are all steel. Whereas formerly a bank clerk's only steel accessory was his pen, his desk and stool are now of steel and his pen has been superseded by machines!

For modest depositors

The safe deposit safes, in the specially constructed strong room guarded by the thirty-five-ton door, are all of stainless steel. This is where the man-on-the-streets can keep his few remaining valuables for as little as ten shillings a year rent.

Each little safe contains a deed box, and, chameleon-like, alters its lock for each change of renter. There is a suite of furnished inspection rooms which the renter can use as a private office to examine his deeds and conduct interviews, with a telephone for his free use in each room.

Martins has this same facility, which is useful because most people prefer a friend's telephone to their own.

The Westminster has concentrated less on "gadgets" than on the health of its staff, and the authorities believe that they have erected in Lothbury the healthiest office in the City of London.

There is a ventilating plant continuously pumping purified air, of a temperature suited to the season, throughout the whole building. No clerk works underground, although of the ten "floors" three are basements.

There is even a hospital—or, at least, two sick rooms—with "matron" and "nurses" recruited from V.A.D. women members of the staff. There are eight dressing-rooms, supplied with running water, where clerks on evening pleasure bent can change.

An inverted portcullis graces and guards the main entrance of the building from four o'clock each evening until the next business day. It measures fifteen feet by twenty, is of wrought iron weighing three and a half tons, and, moved by electricity, takes one and a half minutes to fix in position.

Historic house

But when one has seen those steel strong rooms one would never try to squeeze through the portcullis.

The other new banking offices in the City may be larger than Martins in Lombard Street, but there is probably none which stands on so historic a site.

Banking has been transacted there since 1563, when Sir Thomas Gresham, one of the most famous English bankers of all time, acquired the site. To be accurate, he acquired only a part of it. The rest was mainly inns and taverns. They were thoughtful men who opened taverns near banks!

Houses in those days were distinguished by signs, not numbers. Gresham used a grasshopper to mark his house, and the sign still hangs on it.

Martins has succeeded more than any other bank in retaining the atmosphere of the old private banks. The main hall is panelled in oak and bears the coats of arms of old City Companies. There are still retained the firearms secured during the raid of 1745 to protect the bank and its valuables.

Equally interesting is the "Little Iron Chest" which in former days was used to store cash reserves: a cash statement dated April 24, 1731, bears record that on that day £6,000 of gold was held in the Little Iron Chest.

It contrasts sharply with the present strong rooms of reinforced concrete. These, like those of Lloyds, are encompassed by a patrol corridor, round which a quiet-footed watchman paces nightly like some ghost of Gresham.

YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN...

"Shield instantly from the air, to save pain" DOCTORS SAY

A SCALD, a burn . . . it may be *your* family's turn tomorrow. Are you prepared so that you will *instantly* be able to shorten suffering, and guard against infection?

"Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly is the purest of all emollients. It forms a perfectly pure coating over the burn, shielding it from the air. The pain eases quickly, infection is impossible, and natural healing is hastened!

Keep a jar near you: *it is best for so many other things as well.* At night, for chapped or red hands; for baby's chafing; for sore eyes—and "Vaseline" Jelly costs so little! Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, Willesden, London, N.W.10.

● *Splendid for sunbathing. Rub well in—prevents redness—skin takes even tan.*

Trade **Vaseline** Mark
Petroleum Jelly

"Good cuts for fine flavour," Cap'n West told his men. "For the smoothest, tenderest mouthful of chicken you choose breast meat—not drumsticks; and the same with salmon. So remember, boys, choose Middle Cut every time; that's where you find the flavour." Remember that and—

INSIST ON THE BEST • • *AND BUY*

JOHN WEST'S MIDDLE CUT SALMON

Pelling, Stanley & Co. Ltd., Liverpool and 41 Eastcheap, London

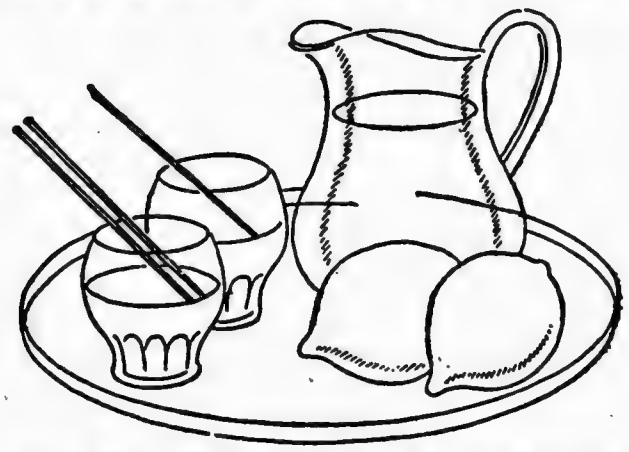
JW 51·172·55

Mother saves — children flourish

FYFFES

SUSTAIN & BUILD & NOURISH

THE LEMON CURE FOR AN OBSTINATE THIRST!



A lemon a day for health! Fifty million lemons a year for Eiffel Tower Lemonade! All the juice of all these ripe lemons is crystallised and concentrated in the purest possible form; no preservatives are added. Quench your thirst with a deep, cooling draught of Eiffel Tower. It costs so little!

A 7½d. bottle (unsweetened) makes 12 pints of real-lemon lemonade

EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE

SWEETENED OR UNSWEETENED

A FOSTER CLARK PRODUCT

Common Forms of
INDIGESTION

Whatever form your Indigestion may take, Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges, made by Savory & Moore, will relieve it. Here are a few instances:—

INDIGESTION.—"Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges are the very best remedy I have been able to get. I have tried everything I have seen advertised but nothing has done me any good. I dreaded to eat anything, but now one lozenge has the desired effect. I cannot praise them highly enough."

FLATULENCE.—"I am delighted to state that they are truly magical in their effect. All symptoms of flatulence, flushed cheeks, etc., after meals are now at once dispersed. Also the oppressive feeling of fulness."

LONG-STANDING DYSPEPSIA WITH DISTRESSING HEARTBURN.—"The Lozenges certainly give great relief. . . . I personally will prescribe them" (medical man).

FLATULENCE AT NIGHT.—"One or two taken when required seem most useful in dispelling wind and other discomforts which interfere with proper sleep."

HUNGER PAIN.—"Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges are the only things I know of that take away that intense 'Hunger Pain' which is such acute suffering" (medical man).

Boxes 1/3, 3/- and 5/-; of all Chemists.

A FREE SAMPLE

of Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges will be sent on receipt of a card. Mention "John Bull," and address Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143A, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

FREE GIFT
A USEFUL
SILVEROID SUGAR CRUSHER

or 2 Beautiful Nickel Silver Teaspoons are given away in exchange for outside wrappers from MEL-O-ADE, The Sparkling Effervescent Drink in unsprinkled 1d. Cubes. Send 1½d. stamp for free samples and full particulars to—K. DEAN-DAVIES & CO., 25, Dale Street, Liverpool.

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WINNINGS BY RETURN

THE BIG TWO
REPUTATION COUNTS

Every Commission Acknowledged.

REPUTATION counts, especially in the sporting world. The word of a good sportsman, written or spoken, is his bond. Those who have placed commissions with "The Big Two" have proved for themselves that winnings are always sent by return of post, no matter how large the stake or how big the odds. The thirty-five years' reputation of "The Big Two" is a tradition—you never hear anyone doubt their ability or their readiness to pay, and pay promptly.

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A DRAGON Goes to HOSPITAL . .

. . and so does a goat, sometimes. This one is being examined before undergoing an operation for 'canker'

KEEPING the Zoo well is one of the biggest tasks veterinary science in this country has to face.

More than a thousand inmates of the London Zoological Gardens pass every year into whatever Paradise exists for animals. And if it wasn't for the tremendous love of animals that you will find there, and the great skill of Dr. Vevers and his veterinary assistants, the figure would be doubled

What wonders are possible by use of the Black Box—the magic box that gives sleep to pain-racked creatures!

One moment an animal may be rolling over and over in agony. The next he is smelling chloroform for the first time in his life, and wondering how the strange box got into his den and why it should exhale such a curious odour. The next, he is past wondering.

Then they bear him away to the Zoo's own hospital, to fight for his life with as much skill as if he were a human being.

Saving Stanley

They even did it for Stanley, the avowed ugliest inhabitant in the gardens. He is a mud-coloured salamander, so ugly that women shudder when they see him. His mouth extends round the edge of his head.

Yet, despite the frequent applications from the natural history museums and other organisations for his body whenever he should depart this life, the Zoo "vets" fought him back to life again with the aid of the black box.

They kept Peggy, the chimpanzee, alive with oxygen until nothing more could be done to save her from pneumonia. And they did save her two little friends, Boohoo and Ivy, after surrounding them with hot-water bottles, watching them day and night, and giving them hot brandy, aspirin and vitamised food.

Even a dragon has gone to the Zoo hospital. Sambawa is her name, and she is 8 ft. long and fierce-looking. One day she was found grievously injured about the ribs and front legs. And out came the black box.

From hospital she went to the Zoo's sanatorium, where she found such health and strength that she pushed open the door of her cage on her return, took a look at the monkeys, and frightened them so much that many of them had to be treated for shock.

One realises what skilled veterinary attention is needed at the Zoo when one knows how many widely different kinds of babies are born there.

When the stork comes

All in a few weeks the lion-babies of Pat and Doris were born in an atmosphere of electric light and radiant heat, and yaks, Grecian ibex, Rocky Mountain big-horned sheep, black lemurs and Barbary wild sheep all appeared in the Zoo's Birth List.

Then—the biggest delight of all—Joanna, the sweetest tempered animal in the Zoo, a little capuchin monkey that has never been known to show the least trace of irritability, presented her doting husband with the first baby capuchin born in the institution for fifty years.

The animal doctors have some strange tasks. Dieting is one.

The cheetahs, for instance, are constantly requiring a diet of feathers to help their digestion.

An Indian elephant over-ate so considerably during one winter that she could not be got into her saddle. (For a perfect fat-reducer, apply to the Zoological Gardens!)

Bobo, a chimpanzee, had eight teeth out at a sitting with the aid of the black box, and refused to get well again until liberally fed with spring onions.

Rajah, the Zoo's biggest Bengal tiger, hasn't missed yet the ingrowing toenails that were taken away before he could find out what the sweet smell was that had invaded his cage.

There is one constantly recurring trouble. The Zoo's woolliest bears persist in catching seasonal colds, despite their thick coats. Winnie, the tamest of them, who is one of the most lovable animals in the Zoo, despite the public's fears for its children whenever she is about, has to be wrapped up in blankets, a remedy that suits this treacle and condensed milk addict.

Jealousy's toll

Hundreds of animals have to be treated for injuries received from jealous husbands, and hundreds more because of their unquenchable appetite for such things as nails and buttons.

Then there are the ravages of old age. You cannot expect animals to keep well for ever, though some of them seem to do so.

Two Asiatic cranes at the Zoo have been there for thirty-one years. A Banksian cockatoo became a guest in 1900. Two Brazilian carrion hawks joined in 1908. And two vultures, a griffon and a sinerius, are showing no signs of wear after twenty years.

In the Zoo's private hospital some strange bedside mates become good friends.

A young kangaroo and a guinea-pig became inseparable, and ever since have insisted on feeding from the same dish. Another kangaroo insisted on living with an orang-outang, whose behaviour was perfect, except for the fact that whenever the kangaroo wanted to climb he hauled it down again by its tail.

And, strangest of all, a close friendship grew up between an elephant, a rhinoceros and two Nubian goats.

Yes, the animals are kept happy at the Zoo—thanks to the black box and the veterinary science that is ever fighting to keep them well.

No wonder we all admire the fine work of Britain's veterinary surgeons and don't want the Royal Veterinary College, where they are trained, to close down, as it is in danger of doing.

Turn to pages 2 and 3 and help to save it. It will cost you only 6d. and may win you £15,000.

Race with "Silver Ring"

AUCTION POOL is "GOOD"

ALEXANDRA PARK, with its twists and turns and soup-plate at the top end of the track, holds the stage this week-end with the London Cup.

At the corresponding meeting twelve months ago, banking on the "horses for courses" theory, I coded Atherton and the Cup winner, Nitsichin. Both won, landing a "double" of over 80 to 1.

The horses for courses system is wonderfully successful at the North London meeting, probably because the conformation of the track is unique.

So, once again, I am going for horses that bowl round the turns like cricket-balls, but the Cup event presents a problem. I do not like to desert Nitsichin, but Holland, the very capable West Horsley trainer, has entered Auction Pool. Auction Pool has a penchant for "A.P." prizes. Here is his record over the track:

Barnet Plate (1928)	Second
Tottenham Plate (1928)	Won
Muswell Plate (1930)	Won
Tottenham Plate (1930)	Won
Broomfield Plate (1930)	Won
Alexandra Handicap (1931)	Won
Highbury Handicap (1931)	Won
Tottenham Plate (1931)	Unplaced
Broomfield Plate (1931)	Second
Alexandra Handicap (1932)	Won

Moreover, every one of the seven races won by the gelding has been over the mile and five furlongs course, the distance of the London Cup.

This will be Auction Pool's biggest and boldest bid at "A.P." If he can beat Nitsichin and the greatly improved Last of the Dandies, I think he will win.

Douglas and Wages may come up at nice prices.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, June 30, to Wednesday, July 6.

B V D P M X Z R F 98 97 Y H S C O
93 94 95 U I E 96 L T W N G J K A Q

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

KUX97KXL would read SPENSER.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

IXR2M97 would read MELLIN.

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provides the best for every cycling need....

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Dunlop Fort	(Cover)	10/6
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Dunlop Cambridge	"	5/6
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Dunlop Speed -	(Cover)	7/6
Dunlop Road Racing	"	7/6
Dunlop Sports -	"	5/11

FOR TANDEM RIDERS:—

Dunlop Tandem Non-skid -	(Cover)	9/-
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FIELD'S 3D LAVENDER BRILLIANTINE (SOLIDIFIED)
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FIELD'S 6D LAVENDER DENTAL CREAM
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WISE SAVING IS WISE SPENDING

In size and quality these Preparations are in every way equal to articles which you have been accustomed to purchasing at 1/- and 1/6. They are luxuries you can afford—profusely lathering Shaving Sticks and Cream, a perfect solid Brilliantine, refreshing Dental Cream.

On sale at Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers and Woolworth's

FOR BIG VALUES — FIELD'S LAVENDER

J. C. & J. FIELD LTD LONDON S.E.1. Est 1642. in the Reign of Charles I.

DON'T WORRY BECAUSE YOU FEEL 'OUT OF SORTS'
'ASPRO' WILL PROTECT YOU AND YOURS

The cares and worries of troublesome times bring in their wake a number of minor ills which you may not understand. You cannot name them. You just feel "off colour." A person frequently worries more over a minor illness of this nature than over one which is more serious but well known. THE FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN IS A FUNDAMENTAL FEAR OF MANKIND. This state of mind magnifies minor illnesses into something appearing more serious. 'ASPRO' MESSAGE IS ONE OF COMFORT, FOR 'ASPRO' is the ideal protection against numerous complaints. There is a definite, logical reason why it is so, for it is known that many illnesses are associated with uric acid and feverish conditions. It is a fact that 'ASPRO,' after ingestion in the system, is a solvent of uric acid —an Anti-Pyretic or Fever Reducer and an Internal Antiseptic and Germicide. So you see when you take 'ASPRO' you attack the causes of numerous complaints. You obtain its immediate protection. It frees you from pain—protects you against complications and removes the fear of dangerous illness.

READ WHAT THESE DOCTORS SAY

PROMINENT PHYSICIAN PRAISES 'ASPRO'

STATES THAT PEOPLE WHO CANNOT TAKE ORDINARY ASPIRIN CAN TAKE 'ASPRO.' 'ASPRO' EFFECTIVE WHERE OTHERS FAIL.

NON-TOXIC VALUE APPRECIATED. Scotland.

Dear Sirs,—I am writing to let you know of my experience with 'ASPRO.' While I have made no chemical tests the CLINICAL RESULTS FULLY SUBSTANTIATE YOUR CLAIMS OF EXTREME PURITY. I HAVE FOUND THAT PEOPLE WHO COULD NOT TAKE ORDINARY ASPIRIN OWING TO THE GASTRIC UPSET IT CAUSED, READILY TOLERATED 'ASPRO.' Also doses of 'ASPRO' are effective where similar doses of other brands are not. It has also, taken at night, a mild hypnotic effect which is very valuable considering its non-toxic character. If you will send me samples for general use I shall have pleasure in distributing them to certain of my patients.

Yours faithfully, F. S. .....(M.B., Ch. B.).

(Name withheld for professional reasons.)

ANOTHER PROMINENT DOCTOR SAYS 'ASPRO' IS VASTLY SUPERIOR TO ORDINARY ASPIRIN

Especially valuable to patients who suffer from digestion disturbance.

Dear Sir,—In most cases I have found 'ASPRO' VASTLY SUPERIOR TO ORDINARY ASPIRIN, ESPECIALLY in patients who, in addition to varying conditions for which 'ASPRO' was given, also suffer from some form of digestive disturbance. One case in particular is worthy of mention—A NURSE (Age 39) engaged in public health and infant welfare work, since coming to Manchester four years ago has suffered from sub-acute attacks of Rheumatism. She COULD NEVER TOLERATE SALICYLATE IN THE FORM OF ASPIRIN OR IN MIXTURES. I gave her several of the sample boxes of 'ASPRO' and she is genuinely delighted with the results, viz.:—

ALLEVIATION OF PAIN, UNDISTURBED SLEEP AND COMPLETE FREEDOM FROM ALL AFTER-EFFECTS IN THE SHAPE OF DEPRESSION AND INDIGESTION.

If you care to let me have samples I shall be only too pleased to distribute them.

Yours faithfully, ...(M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.). *(Name withheld for professional reasons.)*

ASPRO REG. TRADE MARK

3D. 6D. 1/3. 2/6

PER PACKET

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. It contains 60 tablets, equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO' for 2/6.

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'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

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'ASPRO'

IS A SAFE AND EFFECTIVE GARGLE FOR SORE THROAT AND TONSILITIS.

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make a very excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deterrent.

Made by ASPRO Ltd., Slough, England.

ROLL UP!

Buy a packet of ZIG-ZAGS and some of your favourite tobacco *now*; and roll up a *fresh* cigarette whenever you want it. Make sure you ask for ZIG-ZAG in the original automatic packing.

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CIGARETTE PAPERS

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MOST WONDERFUL CYCLE OFFER EVER MADE

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DUNLOP MAGNUM BALLOON TYRES, WIRED EDGE.
STURMEY-ARCHER WORLD-FAMED THREE-SPEED GEAR.
DUNLOP MAGNUM CONICAL SPRING WATERPROOF SADDLE
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Chromium plated Rims, Handle bars, &c., Frame rustproofed, enamelled Black. Cranks lined. (All Black, if desired) Rear Light Reflector, Tool Bag, Pump, Spanners & Oilcan. Lady's & Gent's Models, same price. **£5.16.3**

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QUACKS TAKE YOUR MONEY AND LEAVE THE DISEASE

It is most dangerous to be treated by Quacks, Herbalists, and others who, although they may call themselves doctors, hold no recognised medical degrees. It was made illegal for them to treat Venereal infection, because they cannot cure it, although they may clear away symptoms.

It takes years of special training before a fully qualified doctor is skilled in the treatment of Venereal Disease; how, then, can a Herbalist cure, when he has had no medical training at all?

Those, therefore, who are anxious about their condition should go at once to a proper doctor, or the nearest Free Treatment centre, and seek advice.

Full information, free (in plain cover), can be had from the Medical Secretary, British Social Hygiene Council, Carteret Street, Westminster, S.W.1 (St. James's Park Station). The Medical Secretary will interview callers free of charge at the above address on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, between 5.30 and 6.30; or an appointment may be made by telephoning Victoria 8767. No examination or treatment is undertaken.

Six useful booklets for Parents, 1/4 the set. Four useful booklets for Girls, 8d. the set. Six useful booklets for Young Men, 1/3 the set. All in plain cover. Postage paid in the United Kingdom.

Mention "John Bull" when writing.

BENEFIT AFTER OPERATION—

Mrs. KILNER, 77 Carlton Terrace, Carlton, Nr. Barnsley, writes:—"Three years ago I underwent an operation for Gall Stones and Bladder trouble. After 15 weeks in bed, I was exceedingly weak until my daughter came and asked me to try Vitadatio. From the first dose I began to feel it doing me good. I am pleased to say that I feel better now than I ever thought possible. I am now 63 and can enjoy life."

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Internal Ailments, and Women's Complaints. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in Gt. Britain only. Special 21/- Bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free, from VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS. V178

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

Our Letter Parliament

Cheers before the mystery express started. But when she stopped.....!

THE Worst Shock I EVER HAD

THE "Hikers' Express" proving so popular, my wife and I decided to have a day's outing on Whit Sunday by using the "Mystery Train" from Paddington.

We journeyed from High Wycombe to London on Saturday, and arrived at Paddington ready for our unknown destination on Sunday morning.

Amidst great excitement and activity the train left Paddington for the "Great Unknown."

Imagine our shock when the train steamed into High Wycombe station.
—F. C. R., High Wycombe.

STANDING behind the counter in one of our largest stores, with twenty other young fellows and a shopwalker or two, I watched the chief walk down the department.

Suddenly he stopped. "Come to the office," he said, and, inwardly shaking, I followed him.

"I have been watching you for some time," he said, while my feelings can scarcely be described, "and am going to put you in charge of the new department we have just completed."

Years have passed since, but the shock and the happy climax are my worst (and best) shock.—*Shopwalker, Hull.*

Tailor Mad

As a certified bailiff I have had many shocks, but none so bad as when I distrained on a mad tailor. I had sent my man for the van to remove the goods, when I was struck senseless.

When I regained consciousness I was on my back, secured to a table. Glaring down at me was the tailor, holding a tailoring iron so close to my face as to scorch it, and muttering something about "ironing me out." My man returned just in time to save me.

The poor chap who was going to "iron me out" is still in an asylum.—*V. Jennings, Surrey.*

Rude Awakening

Two years ago I received a telegram saying that I had drawn the favourite in the Irish Sweep. Instead of waiting for official notification, I borrowed £5, and my mates and I commenced to make merry.

The next morning my name was not in the paper among the lucky ones. One of my pals had played a joke on me, and I had £5 to pay back.—*J. B., Durham.*

Newly Wed

After sleeping alone for twenty years, I awoke one morning, and was having my usual yawn with outstretched arms, when my hand came into contact with another person.

I sat up with a gasp of outraged amazement, and turning to gaze upon this creature, discovered that it was my husband.

I had been married the day before.—*M. B., Stoke-on-Trent.*

Accepted Welcome

Returning to my isolated home on the town's outskirts in the evening's dusk, I saw an animal lying under a bush.

Thinking it was a neighbour's mastiff, I called and it followed me into the house, but a switched-on light revealed to my horrified gaze a full-grown lion.

I made a rapid exit through the still-open door, locking it after me and imprisoning the lion.

I telephoned the police, who sent men to recapture the animal, which had escaped from a travelling circus.—*M. B., Hants.*

Retrieved

Before the war I was living alone, but I was not nervous, as I had a little white terrier.

One night I went up to bed, and was nearly paralysed with fear to see a bit of a man's boot protruding from under the bed. I couldn't call for help, I couldn't move.

While I stood thus, the dog came bounding up the stairs, dashed under the bed, and brought out an old boot which he proudly laid at my feet.

He must have found it on some rubbish-heap and brought it upstairs for safety.—(*Mrs.*) *P. Dann, Ilkeston.*

Bomb Fright

I was sweeping my bedroom near the fireplace where stands an empty bomb, a relic of the war. To my horror I accidentally knocked it with my broom, and I heard a loud hiss.

Bravely grabbing it, I rushed to the window, and was just on the point of throwing it out, when I realised that the noise was still in the room.

In falling, the bomb had turned on the tap of the gas fire—hence the terrifying hiss.—*C. D. H., Cambs.*

Mighty Fall

"Captain and Quartermaster" was his official military designation. We were in the same regiment—I a humble "Tommy"; he immaculately booted and spurred, his Sam Browne belt always well polished.

When addressing him it was an injunction to add "sir" and bring my heels together with a click.

Time moved on. I went into a modest inn in the Cotswold Hills and called for a drink. An aproned barman handed a tankard to me with a meek "Thank you, sir!"

I was too nonplussed to say "Thanks, Captain!"—*R. W. Lock, Devon.*

Nigger Hold-up

One foggy winter's night, I was sent about midnight to arouse the fog-signalman a mile distant.

Halfway, I stood petrified as I was surrounded by jabbering foreign voices. All I could discern were about forty sets of white teeth and flashing eyes.

It proved to be the nigger crew of a ship trying to ask me where was the seamen's home.

I directed them as best I could, and ran on my errand as fast as possible.—*J. Talton, Manchester.*

In the Queue

I was waiting outside a music-hall during a visit to London, when, just a little higher up the queue, I saw my wife, from whom I had been parted three years.

She was happy, laughing in a way she had never laughed with me. The queue moved forward to the pay-box, and I with it, listening to her merry voice and laughter. Her companion had eyes for no one but her, and she for none but him.

I stepped, trembling, at last, out of the line and turned "homewards."—*E. L. H., Kent.*

* * *

When I read in JOHN BULL that the two firms I had been dealing with were frauds, and that I had lost all my life's savings.—*F. M., Yorks.*

I had been to the operating theatre and was back in bed. Putting my hands down I found my right leg was missing.—*A. B. C. D., York.*

I heard a shout outside and, running out, saw an aeroplane descending in flames. I hurried to the scene, and had the horrible experience of seeing a human being burnt alive.—*F. Gibbons, Peterborough.*

The worst shock I ever had was when my mother left my father for another man.—*H. S. B., Ashton.*

While bathing in a river, I touched something with my foot, and observed the face of a drowned man.—*M. J. T., Possilpark.*

I was taking the offertory in church, and knew I was going to sneeze. I held my breath, I screwed up my face, but out it came, and the plate fell with a crash in the aisle.—*A. G., Derbyshire.*

SIDE-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Slips." When a "slip" is sent in by more than one reader, the prize is awarded to the first opened.

BLACKLEY, PRESTWICH AND CRUMPSALL GUARDIAN:—"Pyne, who was knocked off his machine, was found to be suffering FROCK SHOCK."

BELFAST NEWS LETTER:—"In the Far North where a wife must be a real helpmeet to her husband, sharing his OILS and trials."

DAILY RECORD AND MAIL:—"She evinced a great interest in his career and general WARFARE."

THE KID-GLOVE FINGERPRINTS (Novel):—"He saw him reel back, and a little star of puckered white FISH appear in the centre of his forehead."

EVENING NEWS:—"They allowed no one to GUARD the horse."

NEWS CHRONICLE:—"Golfers had to contend with heavy rain, flooded AIRWAYS and saturated greens."

NEWARK HERALD:—"The Archdeacons supplied two saddle chairs and a large REFRACTORY oak table."

DUNDEE SPORTING POST:—"The Manton second string is a very weak one, and has presumably only been entered as a PEACEMAKER to Orwell."

SHEFFIELD DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"MAIDS for India and the East may be posted here up to Thursday morning."

RADIO TIMES:—"From ROOF TO CEILING the place is a broadcaster's dream."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS:—"A presentation will be made to Major ——. It will be in recognition of his VICES."

PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS:—"A well-known firm require the services of a responsible representative to INTERVIEW a new labour and money saving device."

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, July 5.

The Best Story I ever Heard

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MONEY. COCHRANE & SONS help you to make money. Turkish Towels 3/11 per doz. Ladies' Art Silk Hose, 8/11 doz. Genuine Tremola Shirts, 2 Collars, 3/11 each. Boys' ribbed Jerseys, 12/- doz. Ladies' Overalls, 7/6 doz. Hundreds of Bargains in our Warehouse. Wholesale only. Quarter dozens supplied. Come and see us or write for Catalogue, post free.—COCHRANE & SONS, 1, THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time: every kind; good profits; 300-page Catalogue free.—May (178), George St., Birmingham.

80-PAGE WHOLESALE Drapery Catalogue, Post Free. Perfect and Repeatable goods of Quality and Value. Keenest Prices All Depts. Ladies', Men's, Child's, Household. Satisfaction guaranteed. Wholesale only to the Trade.—Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity St., Leeds.

MAKE MONEY by selling our Lovely Ladies' Necklets, etc.; inexpensive; wonderful value; good profits; parties free.—ORIENTAL NECKLET CO., 63, King Street, Huddersfield.

SAFETY Razor Blades, Leading Makes, at Keenest Prices. Send for List and Save £ s. d.—M. Radnan, 6, Stockport Rd., Ardwick, M'chester.

FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST for dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A, 39, Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run Clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Parties and cat. free. Carlisle Mills, Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

AGENTS WANTED (either sex) to sell Private Christmas Cards. Sample Book Free. A WONDERFUL VARIETY OF BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS TO SUIT ANY AND ALL TASTES. Photographic Calendars, Novelty Calendars, high-class Notepapers, threefold and many other specialities. Highest Comm. and special prizes.—Apply Denton & Co., Ltd., Dept.D.18, Accrington.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS. Beautiful coloured cat., nearly 200 pages, free. No outlay. Free Gift every agent.—P. J. Tate, 26, Neville St., Leeds.

AGENTS form Oak Xmas Club NOW. Chocs., Toys, Cutlery, Fancy Goods, etc. Big Cash Comm. Cat's. free.—Oak Clubs, 123E, Oak La., Bradford.

FREE Gift all enquirers. XMAS AGENTS wanted. Chocs., Toys, Cigs., Fancy Goods.—Original Tate Xmas Club (Dept. J.B.). Dock St., Leeds.

CLUB AGENTS WANTED. No outlay. Your expenses paid. Highest Cash Bonuses, Service and Satis. Gntd. Send for Free Catlg. showing super values and all parties.—Pullans Direct Supply Co., Ltd., 208, Kirkstall Rd. Leeds.

AGENTS Wanted. Estonian Xmas Club. 200-Page Art Cat. Huge select.: Fancy Goods, Chocs., Cigs., Toys, etc. Free Gifts every Agent. Highest Commission. Big Cash Prizes.—Eaton & Co. (Dept. A.), Lower Wortley, LEEDS.

SEND to-day for Regent Xmas Club Illus. Cat. (Free). Chocs., Toys, Fancy Goods, Cutlery, etc. Highest cash comm. Gifts to agents.—Regent Confec. Co., 4, Stanningley, Leeds.

GOOD COMMISSION. Chocs, Cigs., Fancy Goods, Best makes, Agents wanted. Satis. g'nt'd. Cat. free.—Garratt, Stockley St., Northampton.

NOW READY.—JOHN NOBLE'S WONDER CATALOGUE! One of the most marvellous books ever issued. JOHN NOBLE'S WANT ORGANISERS OF WEEKLY CLUBS. The Ideal Club Leads for Value! Big commission, little trouble, no expense. Super Bargains in Fashions, Footwear, Furniture, Outfitting, etc. All Goods Carriage paid. Over 60 years' reputation for value and service. Thousands of enthusiastic organisers! Send P.C. NOW for particulars and 330-page Bargain Guide.—John Noble, Ltd. (Dept. A.7), Manchester.

WANTED, Spare Time Workers. No experience required. Large earnings for Spare Time work. No outlay.—Dennis & Co. (Dept. 4), Colne, Lancs.

CHRISTMAS CLUB AGENTS WANTED. Chocs., Fancy Goods, Toys, Drapery, Cigs. Highest Comms. Free Gifts. Cash Bonus. Catalogues.—Parties, from CLUB SUPPLIES, LTD. (Est. 1919) (Dept. 101), 1, Bird-in-Hand Court, Cheapside, London.

AGENTS.—Xmas or All-Year Clubs. British Goods, Fancies, Leather, Clothing, Toys, Cutlery, Chocs., Cigs. Highest Cash Comm. Wonder Cat. Free. Royal Conf.Co., Dept.J.,Churchgate,Bolton.

CLUB AGENTS.—200-page Catlg. Free. Chocolates, Jewellery, Cutlery, Toys, Fancy Goods, Drapery, Cigarettes. Highest Cash Commission. No outlay.—A. B. WATSON, 137, ALBION ST., LEEDS.

AGENTS WANTED.—Xmas Clubs, Drapery, Boots, Shoes, Household Goods. Free Gifts all inquirers.—Enterprise, 4, Thornton Rd., Bradford.

AGENTS! XMAS CLUBS. Illust. Catalogue and Lists Free. Chocs., Cigs., Cutlery, Toys, Fancy Goods. Best makes. Highest commission. Brontë Confectionery Co. (Dept. B33), Keighley.

MORRIS, BROS., BRITAIN'S LARGEST CLUB SPECIALISTS XMAS CATAL. is undoubtedly the finest. Best selec. of goods. Biggest Cash Comm paid. Highest quality goods only stocked. Send for Catal. & free gift.—MORRIS Bros. (Dept. B.), Commercial Mills, Shipley, Yorks.

£2 BONUS AND HALF PROFIT.—Representative wanted everywhere: 1s. lines sell like wildfire and repeats come to you. Full partics. Free Samples.—Write, Swaffer, Quakers Friars, Bristol.

"SMITH'S" Celebrated Xmas Club. Marvellous Comm., bonus prizes. Handsome Gift every Agent. Cat. free.—"Smith's," 28, Paradise St., L'pool.

XMAS Club Agents Wanted. Chocs., Cigs., Fancy Goods, Novelties. Honest value. Cat. free. No outlay.—Payne (Dpt. P.), Pym St., Nott'ham.

AGENTS Wtd. Xmas Clubs. Chocs., Toys, Fancy Goods, etc. Free Gift every Agent. High-est cash comm. No outlay. 180-p. Cat. free.—GOULD, HARTLEY HILL, LEEDS.

FREE Fountain Pen and Pencil and 200-page col'd. cat. NOW.—Xmas Club Agents wanted: no outlay. Highest cash commission. Bundles of bathroom towels guar. free.—Write, HOFFBRAND, 17, Brearton Street, BRADFORD.

IN SPARE TIME make RETAIL PROFITS on Chocolates and Cigarettes by a Christmas Club. Highest Commission. No outlay or expense. P.C. now for big coloured Catlg. free.—J. D. Williams & Co., Ltd. (World-Wide Club Dept.), Dale Street Warehouses, Manchester.

INCREASE YOUR INCOME. £2-£3 per week easily earned by handling our Packet Tea. Write to-day for particulars.—THE INDIAN & CEYLON DIRECT TEA SUPPLY CO., 23, Monument Street, London, E.C.3.

TEA AGENTS WANTED, big profits; Samples Free.—IMPORTERS' CORPORATION (Dept. L.), 145 High Holborn, LONDON.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 30s.
Advertisements must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue.
Address: The Advert. Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS WANTED. See our offer first. NO OUTLAY. Every Agent benefits in huge PRIZE Scheme. Increased CASH commissions. FREE stationery. SEND for the 100 year old firm's 220-page coloured catalogue of Chocolates, Fancy Goods, Toys, Cigarettes.—Write NOW, Dept. G.1, BLENKINSOPS, Coronation Buildings, Gateshead.

AGENTS wtd. Xmas Choc., Cig. & Fancy Goods Club. Free gifts to agents. 150-page cat. free. Wonderful assortment—leading makes only.—R. Miller, 4c, Edmund St., Bradford, Yorks.

TEA AGENTS WANTED. Unique Offer.—Write, MARSHALL, 77, Lower Thames Street, LONDON, E.C.3.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS WANTED. Free Fountain Pen, Free Chocolates, and Gift Money. Write now for Handsome Offer.—Gilston, 114, Summerville, Bradford.

EMPLOYMENT.

ATTWOOD TRAINED SALESMEN ON TOP FOR THIRD YEAR IN SUCCESSION!

APRIL 1932, MARCH 1931, MARCH 1930—First places secured in the Incorporated Sales Managers' Association's Examination in Sales Management.

Here is PROOF of the value in WALLACE ATTWOOD training. Why not train to be a salesman under Mr. Wallace Attwood? Suitable men can learn by post in their spare time. Without previous experience on the road Attwood trained men are now earning £400, £500 and even up to four figures p.a. Write for the 24-page booklet, "The Profession of Salesmanship," free, to The Wallace Attwood College, 26T, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. ('Phone: Chancery 7526.)

MINUS RISK OR COST

In your spare time you can Easily Earn

£5 TO £20

WONDERFUL OFFER TO "JOHN BULL" READERS

Without incurring a single risk or spending one halfpenny you can add anything from **£5 to £20** to your usual earnings. Such a golden opportunity is afforded by becoming a spare time Agent for the "Shield" Christmas Club, which, besides being one of the biggest "Go-ahead" Clubs in the country is the **only one offering advantageous Hire Purchase Terms and Photographic Enlargement Service. 10,000 Gifts of Gold Watches, Cameras, Gramophones, Cases of Cutlery, Clocks, etc., will be presented to our Agents this year, in addition to generous bonus on all sales.**

Send off at once for the profusely illustrated 145 Page Art Catalogue, showing Chocolates, Fancy Goods, Toys, Cigarettes, Bedding, etc.; and full details for forming the Club, sent Post Free.

Make sure of your Bonus. Post now!

THE "SHIELD" XMAS CLUB (Dept. 49) BRADFORD

FREE NOW! An attractive Carton of Nestle's "Good Companions" Chocolates sent free to each Agent.

XMAS CHOC. CLUB AGENTS. Free 200 page col. Art Catal. Cadbury's, Fry's, Rowntrees, Terry's, etc. Highest Cash Comm.—MATHER'S (Dept. 62), 192, Chorley Old Road, BOLTON.

EARN MORE MONEY. You have heard of the STAR CLUB. Your friends have surely told you of the greatest 1s. weekly club. The marvellous bargains in Furniture, Clothing, Footwear, etc. The high commission we pay, prompt service, and above all a square deal. Write a p.c. to-day, and get our 160-page catalogue free, with full particulars of how you can become a STAR CLUB Organiser yourself, and earn money in your spare time.—HEIGHWAY STAR CLUB (Dept. J.), CHARLOTTE STREET, MANCHESTER.

XMAS Club requires Agents immediately. Wonderful selection, Novelties, Chocs., Cigs., Toys, etc. Big Cash Commission. Free Gifts and amazing Prize Scheme offering Furniture, Watches, Cutlery, etc. Send for super Catalogue and full particulars.—Westminster National Supplies, Ltd., 38, Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4.

MOTOR DRIVERS. — COMMERCIAL and PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening FREE employment Dept. CALL (9-7), or write, THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, 8, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W. (Corner Rupert Street, next Lyons' Corner House).

UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY. 50 young men required by Customs and Excise Dept. Ages 19-21. No experience. Permanent progressive posts. General Exam. Aug. 26th. Free details from B.T.I., 410, Shakespeare House,29,Oxford St.,W.1.

EARN £3—£6 WEEKLY as a certificated Bookkeeper. Expert postal tuition. Fee 6/- monthly. Free Employment Bureau. Success assured. Guide FREE.—C. C. COLLEGE (D9), 23, Coleman Street, London, E.C. (Estd. 1903).

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commence about £4 10s. Age 17-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of entrance Exam. from B.I.E.T. K.29, Oxford Street, W.1.

FREEMANS CASH OR CREDIT

CELEBRATED SPARE TIME AGENCY

BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.*

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT.
Enquiries for Agency Invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

POLICE RECRUITS. Ages 19-27. Height over 5 ft. 9 in. Good pay and prospects. Those interested in joining Metropolitan, City, County or Borough Forces should send for free details of entrance requirements to B.T.I., 29B., Oxford Street, London, W.1.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

MAIL ORDER TRADERS. Advertisements inserted in 50 Provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/3. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free. Write for Prospectus 60.—Buttolph & Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8113.)

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 2/6 per 1,000. Memos, Duplicate Books, Catlgs., etc. Samps.3d. post.—Meads,Room 60,Sandy,Beds.

BARGAIN SALES.

FREE! A specimen copy of "The Exchange and Mart," the wonder bargains weekly.—Send postcard to J. B. Burt, 4, Greville St., E.C.1.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 3½d. per roll. Send for patterns, post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 32, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES 1½ lb. 4/6, for Socks, etc. Colours from 2/11 lb., post free. Patts. Wools, Serges, Tweeds. — Egerton Burnetts W.B. Warehouse, Wellington, Som.

WALLPAPERS. Specially selected Free Book Wallpapers will cover your requirements.—Eclipse Wallpapers, Shields Road, Newcastle-Tyne.

BREAD KNIVES.—Serrated edge. Shemeld make. Will cut icing, lemons, tomatoes, etc. Keep sharp for years. 1/- post free.—(A) Harton and Co., 66, Exeter Road, Welling, Kent.

A NEW curtain railway half usual prices. Sample outfit sufficient 30 in. window 1s.—Locost Trading, 54, Old Broad St., London, E.C.

SHAVE with a Smile. 36 Gntd. Hollow-ground Razor Blades, 3-hole type, 2s. post free. Trade supplied.—Brocco Supply Co., 49, Edward St., Sheffield.

THE FAMOUS "Amprico" Watches for Men now obtainable for 1/- down. See advertisement at foot of page 12.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES & Radiograms. How to make cheaply. Motors 7/6. Kits, parts. Repairs. 64-pp. ill. drawings 2d. Recentbuil.120,OldSt.,Ldn.,EC1.

PIANO Accordians, Guitars, Concertinas, Banjos, Ukuleles, Gramos., Jazz Saxophones, Mandolines. Terms.—Vickers, Royal Hill, Greenwich

WIRELESS.

IF you have Electricity in your House send for our Mains Radio Catalogue (F.3), if not send for our Battery Catalogue (F.4) both showing 14 of the latest Radio Sets and Radiograms from 75/-. Any Set supplied on payment of small Deposit and easy Monthly Instalments. Catalogues Post Free. Write to-day to Regent Radio, Ltd., 4, Golden Square, London, W.1.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA wholesale. 9d. lb. in 60 lb. chests, 10 lb. 8/6, 2/- Tea, 5 lb., 6/9; 10 lb., 12/6; 30 lb., 35/-. Samps. free.—Elser, 182, Roman Rd., Bow, E.3.

DRESS.

SUIT LENGTHS, 20 ounces Botany London Shrunk 7/- per yard. Patterns Free.—Union Works, Clayton Lane, Bradford, Yorkshire.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-. 75 Home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc. etc. Everything complete and ready for use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers send 2/- for parcel on appro. (Bal. cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD. PORTSMOUTH.

BABY CLOTHES (Everything Needed). 75 Home-Made Garments 30/-, including Beautiful Christening Robes, Robe Slip, Afternoon Gowns, Nightgowns, Mat, Coats, Carrying Shawl, Vests, Back Flannels, large Terry Naps, Pitches and other articles needed for baby's birth. Send only 1/6 for parcel on appro. and satisfy yourself before paying balance. 1/6 weekly or cash, money back guarantee.—Mrs. Sturgess, 153, Wellingborough Road, Northampton.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testmonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent Cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply, or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridvard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS. Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful; no lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address: Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (482F), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

BLADDER Weakness, Kidney Trouble etc., cured by Parker's Flu'd Remedy, 1/3, 3/-, Boots' etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool; Spl. 3d.

PSORIASIS, ECZEMA.—Our New Scientific Remedy kills these irritating Skin Diseases completely while you sleep. Immediate relief. Send for Free Booklet. Ridalex (Chemists), Ltd., Dept. J. 242, Lytham Road, Blackpool, S.S.

RHEUMATISM: NIAPON (Tablets). The New Scientific Compound. A real remedy at last. Test it, you will experience the benefit after one or two doses. 1/3 per bott'e, post Free.—THE LABORATORY, 680, ROMFORD ROAD, E.12, or any chemist.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 7a, New Bond St., London, W.1.

ANY Kind Old Gold, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, Platinum Scrap bought. Highest cash per return.—Bells, Headrow, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

YOU need "HEALTH & STRENGTH." Try it free!—Send postcard for specimen copy to J. B. Burt, 4, Greville St., London, E.C.1.

DUKE'S JELLIED ALMONDS.
Give Yourself a treat.
Improved flavours. Buy DUKE'S

READERS' attention is drawn to the "KENSITAS" CIGARETTE advt. on page 23. A luxurious Austin Twelve-Six Harley de luxe Saloon, list price £235, is given away daily (except Sunday) absolutely free, for the best 20-word opinion or statement describing the quality and merits of "KENSITAS" CIGARETTES.

ALL records of the past are smashed by "John Bull's" astounding offer of £6 a Week for Life for solving the amusing puzzle on this page.

Our last Giant Crossword First was won outright by a Welsh miner, Mr. D. Jenkins, of Llandebie, Carmarthenshire, whose cares have all been swept away by a colossal cheque for his Crossword Solution.

Use your common-sense in studying the interesting Clues given and a £6 cheque each week for life, or £3,000 cash, may be your reward.

Start work this evening on the absorbing puzzle which is to decide the winner of this Record Prize. And remember that for this contest only, you may submit as many entries as you wish. Extra entry-forms may be secured as instructed at the foot of this page.

"JOHN BULL will pay £6 a week for life or £3,000 cash for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution and Winners will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 28th.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. Increase P.O. by 6d. for each additional two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. / ; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry-Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than **NOON, Thursday, July 14th.**

2.—Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Solution and Winners in connection with this Contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, July 28th, 1932.** Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post **Tuesday, Aug. 9th, 1932,** in accordance with directions given with result. Any such Scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should first prize be shared £3,000 cash will be paid instead of dividing Pension.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

SEND ENTRY FEE AS BELOW

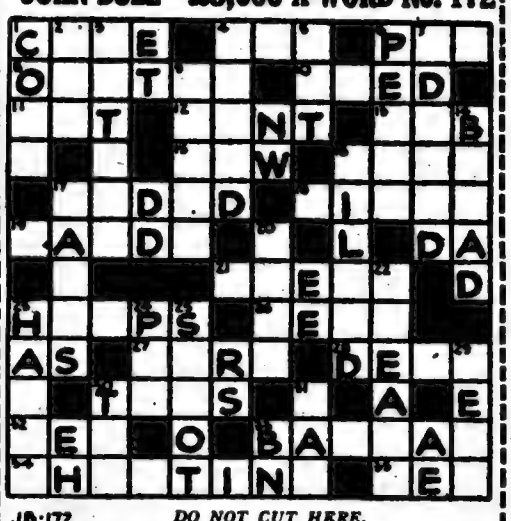
With 2 squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE
With 4 squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING
Extra entries at same rate—see Rule 1

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

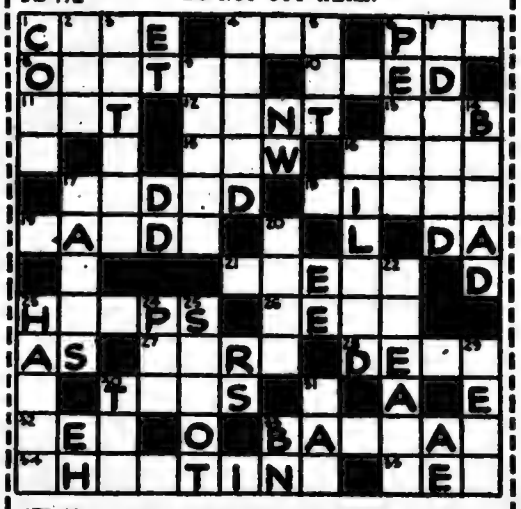
Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 170

Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 170 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

"JOHN BULL" £3,000 X-WORD No. 172



JB·172 DO NOT CUT HERE.



JB·172

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. .....
P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Closing THURSDAY (noon), July 14.

CONSIDER THESE CLUES CAREFULLY TO WIN YOUR X-WORD LIFE PENSION

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Restaurant.
4. Gives colour to clothes.
6. Sometimes used when preparing meal.
8. He makes a speech.
10. Feeble invalid is usually this.
11. Allow.
12. Contraction of "gentleman."
13. Plunder.
15. Uncooked.
16. Sometimes spoils hiker's clothes.
17. Yielded.
18. Rifles are, after use.
19. Used for games.
21. Its value's increased by labour.
23. You see them in the hayfield.
26. Unpleasant look.
27. Title.
28. Often results in a hole.
30. Labels.
32. It sparkles on the grass.
33. Man who serves one.
34. Disturbs the game.
35. Hitherto.

CLUES DOWN.

1. Is often caught at cricket match.
2. Part of verb "to be."
3. You gain weight on becoming this.
4. Fear.
5. You must do this to live.
6. Danger.
7. Loved intensely.
9. Monsters in fairy-tales.
14. An Irish oath.
16. Money may be this.
17. Trippers take food in them.
20. Provides record of sales.
22. Not properly awake.
23. Employed in textile factories.
24. Found in a pod.
25. Wooden shoe.
29. Campers live in one.
30. A pair.
31. Ends in the gutter.

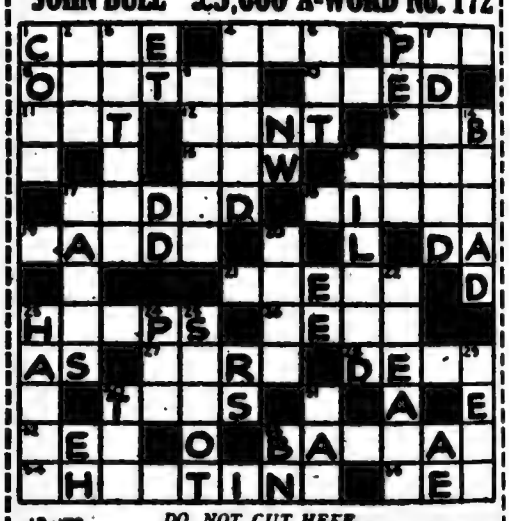
NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.—A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

THIS CONTEST CLOSES Noon, Thursday, July 14

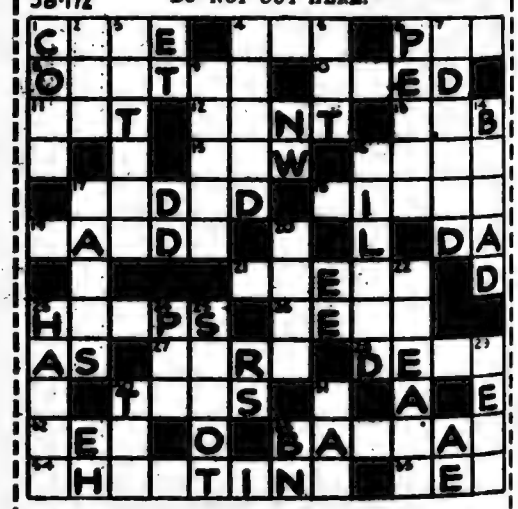
X-WORD LIFE PENSION WON OUTRIGHT AGAIN!

See No. 169 Result on Page 14

"JOHN BULL" £3,000 X-WORD No. 172



JB·172 DO NOT CUT HERE.



JB·172

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. .....
P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Don't omit your Name and Address.

If entering two double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to each.

POST EARLY AS POSSIBLE—ADDRESS ENTRY THUS:

"John Bull" Crossword No. 172,
57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

YOU MAY SEND AS MANY ENTRIES AS YOU WISH

for this Pension contest. Two further entry forms will appear in next week's "John Bull." For extra squares send PENNY postcard to "John Bull" X-word Department, stating number of additional forms required.

The Editor LAUGHS LAST

H. M. (Tamworth).—"Do you think I write too quickly?" No, too often.

G. M. (Colchester).—"My uncle, who is very rich, is a bachelor." Naturally.

G. D. (Warwick).—"Are burglars ever honest?" As honest as the day is long.

E. M. (Frinton).—"Income-tax collectors are not such bad sort of fellows after all." Except that they are after all.

D. C. (Swindon).—"The railways are killing fewer passengers." Yes, and fewer passengers are killing the railways.

A. C. (Lewes).—"I have a clock that will go a year without winding." How long would it go if you wound it?

HUMORIST (London, S.E.).—"Have you read the jokes yet that I sent you some weeks ago?" Yes, many times.

S. N. (Ventnor).—"I gave an exhibition of toe dancing on the beach." With a crab as partner?

TYPIST (Clacton).—"A French count is paying a lot of attention to me at this boarding-house." See letter below.

CLERK (Clacton).—"I am paying a lot of attention to a Hollywood film actress at this boarding-house." See letter above.

R. M. (Repton).—"Once you start reading this letter you won't be able to stop." Yawning?

D. M. (Grendon).—"Have you ever known a life-long teetotaller who did not sleep well?" Yes, the baby next door.

F. J. (Purley).—"I have just decided not to have any flower beds this year." Our neighbours' cats decided that for us two or three weeks ago.

S. B. (Exeter).—"A girl-baby trebles her weight during her first year." And does her utmost to halve it during her fortieth.

Housewife (Maidenhead).—"Jam should not be placed on a high shelf as hot air rises and causes it to evaporate." But if it is placed on a low shelf little Bobby rises and causes it to evaporate!

P. L. (Kingston).—"Four editors have rejected the enclosed poem." No, five.

R. M. (Boston).—"I am putting something by for a rainy day." We are saving up for our summer holidays, too.

F. M. (Bodmin).—"How can I stop my cherries being eaten by the birds?" Invite small boys to camp in your orchard.

M. K. (Lancaster).—"Do novelists often see the talkie versions of their books?" Yes, but they don't recognise them.

W. G. (Swanage).—"What is meant by a stone's throw?" It depends upon the imagination of the seaside landlady.

F. K. (Hammersmith).—"An American bridge expert recently married a tennis champion." Now they can keep the family in the limelight day and night.

ADAMSON—

—a Study in Black and White

D. W. (Letchworth).—"Although it is raining in torrents, I must take this letter to post." It was very dry when it arrived here.

T. M. (Atherstone).—"I am going to America to study life in Chicago." You must get a move on, or there may not be any left.

N. L. (Paddington).—"More mailbags have been stolen." This means, of course, more work for the men whose activities have been diverted from stealing mailbags to making them.

W. D. (Bradford).—"Do you think that a motor-car will ever be designed with every part completely silent?" Yes, except the passenger who knows you should have turned to the left five miles back.

IF you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day! The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are purely for your entertainment.

MAISIE (Swindon).—"Do you mind young babies?" Not oftener than we can help.

H. V. (Colchester).—"The politicians of to-day are just as clever as those of twenty years ago." That's the trouble.

V. S. (Ramsgate).—"The Bisley fortnight is not what it was." Surely it has never lasted more than two weeks!

R. W. (Oundle).—"How can I avoid getting sunburnt?" Stay in England for the summer.

E. M. W. (Hendon).—"Pedestrians cannot be trusted." They are always up to some dodge or other.

F. D. (Wimbledon).—"I hope this letter sinks in." It did—right into the waste-paper basket.

M. A. (Brighton).—"How can I make money automatically?" Own some slot machines.

L. M. (Amersham).—"I have planted two acorns in my garden." Bought the hammock yet?

CRITICAL (Bangor).—"I am not picking holes, mind you." No; but you are boring!

G. K. (Holborn).—"He is lantern-jawed and rather dark." But perhaps when he smiles his face lights up.

H. W. (Maidstone).—"He insists that my new novel really has no plot at all." Never mind. Hollywood is sure to purchase the talkie rights.

D. S. (Chesham).—"A fashion authority decrees that the walking-stick must come back." Many hope that umbrellas must come back also.

L. C. (Bristol).—"I found a man in South Wales who had never heard of talkies or jazz." We hope you broke the news to him very gently.

G. F. (Nuneaton).—"It's no use trying to listen in to two stations at the same time." We find that it's no use trying not to.

I. N. A. (Plymouth).—"I told the huge brute exactly what I thought of him, and what do you think he did?" Hung up the receiver?

L. M. (Epsom).—"Is it right for my wife to call me a fool?" That depends on whether you refer to her manners or her accuracy.

F. M. (Bude).—"The doctor told me I must give my brain a rest in the evenings." So you pass the time away by writing these letters?

J. K. (Richmond).—"What would you consider the worst job in the world?" Translating medical dictionaries into Welsh.

Miss G. C. M. (Hanley).—"I'm afraid I'll only go to the seaside in my imagination this year." Let your imagination really carry you there. Think out a good *Bullet* and carry off part of the £10,000 in Holiday Prizes announced on page 35.

M. B. (Chelsea).—"This article is one of several I wrote on my birthday." We enclose it, wishing you many happy returns.

L. B. (Stafford).—"The depression is bound to clear away soon." It started to clear as soon as we had finished reading your letter.

JEWELLER (London, E.).—"A large number of people are having their ears pierced." That's the worst of those wireless fans trying to get foreign stations.

H. S. (Streatham).—"There is a lot to be said in favour of the saxophone." Well, it is the only instrument which sounds as well when you are learning it as it does afterwards.

A. W. (Leeds).—"I know a woman who can sense the contents of a letter after one glance at the unopened envelope." So can we whenever we see O.H.M.S. on the envelope.

DONALD (Bushey).—"I can't find out what my girl meant when she said I should be an excellent dancer but for two things." Perhaps she was referring to your feet.

F. D. (Hitchin).—"I had an interview with three Government officials, and you will be pleased to hear that I left a good impression behind." Yes, we are glad Scotland Yard has obtained your thumb-prints at last.

F. J. (Worthing).—"As a charge is always made for theatre programmes, I am rather surprised that menus are free." You must remember that menus don't tell you where the head waiter buys his suits.

G. H. M. (Newcastle).—"A tailor in Chicago was saved from serious injury when a gunman's bullet was stopped by a bundle of accounts in his pocket." This should teach tailors who have accounts in their pockets to keep them there.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

What's Wrong With YOU?

Pep, Nerve, Vigour—Gone?

DO you dare ask yourself why your strength is failing—why your life-forces are ebbing away? Look at yourself in the glass and ask what's wrong? Ask yourself why you are unable to achieve success and get the joy out of life. Do you realise that your ailments and weaknesses are dragging you down? Is it Catarrh, Constipation, Rupture, Nervousness, Indigestion, Rheumatism or Bad Blood? Are you Flat-Chested, Round-Shouldered, Too Thin or Too Stout? I want to help you—I can help you with

STRONGFORTISM

The Modern Science of Health Promotion.

THE principles of Strongfortism are based on my discovery that internal muscular harmony and strength is the Key to lasting abundant Health and Vitality. The Strongfort Methods go to the very cause of the ailments and weaknesses, by scientifically strengthening and developing the important internal muscles.

STRONGFORT The Perfect Man

ONCE you adopt Strongfortism you enter upon a New Life. The results are immediate and positively thrilling. You feel new energy throughout your body—you feel new power developing in every organ—you acquire new poise and a magnetic, success-winning personality. You can't fail with Strongfortism. I Guarantee It.

READ MY BOOK—IT'S FREE!

THE truth about the wonderful results from the scientific application of the Natural Laws of Strongfortism is in my wonderful book, "Promotion and Conservation of Health and Strength and Mental Energy." It will tell you how you can build up Health, Strength, and Vitality. Mark subjects on Free Consultation Coupon (write additional ailments in letter) on which you want Special Confidential Information. Send with 3d. stamps postage, etc. I'll do the rest. Send for my Book—TO-DAY

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Physical and Health Specialist since 1895

LIONEL STRONGFORT INSTITUTE (Dept. 36)

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FREE BOOK AND CONSULTATION COUPON

Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Dept. 36, Lionel Strongfort Institute, London, S.W.19.

Please send me your book, "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy." I enclose 3d. stamps postage. I have marked X before the subject(s) in which I am interested.

Bad Habits	Energy & Strength	Rheumatism
Catarrh & Colds	Indigestion	Sexual Weakness
Constipation	Nerve Weakness	Skin Disorders
Despondency	Thinness	Will Power

NAME.....

AGE..... OCCUPATION.....

TOWN..... COUNTY.....

3 Out of 4 Women—

Use Wrong Shade of Face Powder

Experts have shown that there are four distinctly different shades of skin, each requiring a different shade of face powder. By using the exact shade best suited to their skins, 3 out of 4 women might easily increase complexion beauty 100 per cent. Poudre Tokalon is the one face powder that stays on all day or evening, indoors or out, in spite of wind, rain or perspiration. The mousse of cream makes it adhere so closely and invisibly, that no one would ever dream the exquisite tint imparted is not your own natural loveliness. 1/- a box.

THE CROSSOGRAPH (Patent Pending) is an ingenious device which helps you to find easily alternatives in Crossword Puzzles. It saves laborious dictionary research, and is equally valuable for Picture Puzzles. Useful to compilers of Crossword squares. Post free with complete instructions for 1/- P.O. Obtainable ONLY from:—

J. DAVIES (Dept. C),
9, James Street, Tredegar, Mon.

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All goods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

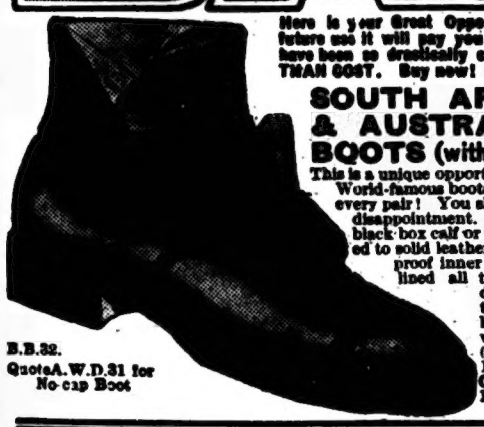
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull"

BOLSOM BROS. FIRST GREAT SUMMER SALE

Here is your Great Opportunity—to save money by spending—even for future use it will pay you to buy now! All our Prices during this Sale have been so drastically cut that in many cases we are selling at LESS THAN COST. Buy now! and save up to 75%.



B.B.32. Quote A.W.D.31 for No-cap Boot

SOUTH AFRICAN FIELD BOOTS & AUSTRALIAN FIELD BOOTS (without Toe-caps)

This is a unique opportunity for you to secure these World-famous boots at a saving of nearly 4/- on every pair! You should order at once to avoid disappointment. Full chrome black box calf or tan uppers, stitched to solid leather soles with waterproof inner layer. Leather lined all through with full double waterproof tongue. The ideal boots for real hard wear. Sizes 5 to 10 (Size 11, 1/- extra, 12 & 13, 2/6 extra). Carr. & Packing 1/- extra.

12/6 **8/9**

"Bee-Bee" WELTED FOOTWEAR

SUPERIOR GRADE

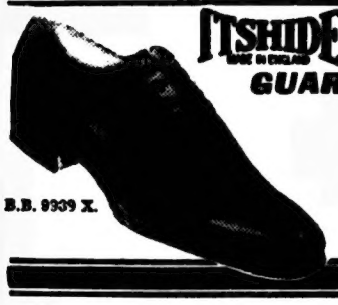
800 pairs only to clear! Smart perfect fitting footwear of superior make in real black box calf and tan willow calf with hard-wearing all leather soles and heels. BOOTS in balmoral style as illustrated (635 X) or in Derby style (634 X). SHOES in Oxford style as illustrated (639 X) or in Gibson style (638 X). Sizes 5 to 10 (11, 1/- extra, 12 and 13, 2/6 extra). Carr. & Packing 1/- extra.

14/9 **9/-**

635 X. 639 X.

ITSHIDE WALKING SHOE

GUARANTEED 6 MONTHS



B.B. 9939 X.

B.B. 9939 X—A splendid line of Oxford Shoes in real black box calf or tan uppers with ITSHIDE Treble-life soles and heels. Built on the best scientific principles and every pair flawless. Sizes in stock 5 to 10 (11, 1/- extra, 12 & 13, 2/6 extra). WE HAVE APPROXIMATELY 500 PAIRS ONLY TO CLEAR! Carr. & Packing 1/- extra.

14/9 **9/-**

THE "HIKING" SHOE

No. B.B.5 X—An improved pattern shoe specially produced for "Hiking." Also ideal for everyday wear. In pliable unlined Tan leather with heavy Crepe soles and heels and one-piece vamps. Sizes 5-12. Superior quality at 6/11, in Black or Tan.

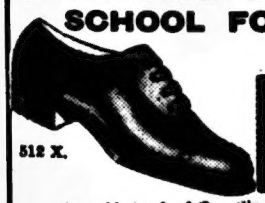
For Youths and Maids—B.B.5 JX—Similar pattern shoes in Tan for the young people. Sizes 2-5, 5/-. Post 6d. extra. Superior quality at 5/11 in Black or Tan. Post 6d. extra.

REDUCED TO **6/-**

B.B.5X. Carr. & Pking 6d. extra. SALE CAT. Post Free on request.

CLEARING LINES of SCHOOL FOOTWEAR

Sizes 7 to 10.



512 X.

3/9

Sizes 11 to 1, 4/9. Sizes 2 to 5, 5/9 Carr. & Pking 6d. Extra.

B.B. 512 X—Comfortable and hard-wearing Shoe that is guaranteed to stand any amount of rough wear. In Black or Tan leather uppers with ITSHIDE Treble Life Soles and heels. For Boys & Girls. Also in One-Bar style. B.B. 514).

513 X.

B.B.513 X—A really hard-wearing School Boot strongly made for the special purpose of standing up to real rough usage. Guaranteed all Leather. Slugged soles and heel plates.

DOWN TO HALF PRICE!

500 Pairs Full Chrome Boots

20/- **10/-**

Carr. and Packing 1/- extra. S.P. 160 X.

Stoutly built full-chrome grained leather No-Cap boots with extra thick pliable uppers, leather-lined vamp, and stout double soles, screwed and stitched. Waterproof tongue. Tips and heel-plates. About 260 Pairs only. Also about 240 Pairs with Toe Caps. Quote SP.160X. In black or tan. Sizes 5 to 10 (11, 1/- extra, 12 and 13, 2/6 extra).

POST YOUR ORDER NOW! with remittance, add carriage and packing as shown, or use the C.O.D. way and pay the Postman —OR CALL!

ILLUSTRATED SALE CATALOGUE Post Free on application.

CLUB AGENTS WANTED to earn large Cash Commission. Full particulars on application.

BOLSOM BROS. (DEPT. 11 S) 157-8, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

OUR ONLY BRANCHES—*ALDGATE, 26, Aldgate High St., E.C.3. WESTMINSTER, 50, Strand, W.C.2. *BETHNAL GREEN, 192-5, Green St., E.2. UPTON PARK, 291, Green St., E.13. FOREST GATE, 1a, Woodgrange Rd., E.7. *VICTORIA DOCK, 89-91, Rathbone St., E.16. WOOD GREEN, 145, High Rd., N.22. POPLAR, 90, Chrisp St., E.14. SUTTON, 151, High St. CROYDON, 139a, North End. *OPEN ON SUNDAYS.

The NOISE in the Night

A SUDDEN awakening—a tightening of the throat—a feeling of impending evil . . . burglars are striking terror into the hearts of people as they ply their nefarious trade.

They are *cunning*. They choose a time when the house owner is alone, when the family is away at the cinema or visiting friends. They keep careful watch. They laugh at bolts or bars.

In a London suburb recently, burglaries were so frequent that women would not stay in the home alone.

Is your home covered against this menace? JOHN BULL makes provision against Burglary and Housebreaking up to £200.

Free Burglary Insurance is one of the many innovations recently introduced into JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance Scheme.

10% Bonus

Readers should remember that all benefits paid for Burglary, Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness and Accident are subject to the 10 per cent. Bonus paid to all readers who at the time of receiving benefit have been registered for three months or more.

Your Security may be rudely shattered some day. Register now, and know that you have a well-covered home.

HOLIDAYS.—Readers remain covered whilst away in Great Britain, Channel Islands or the Isle of Man. The only condition is that in case of a claim arising it will be necessary to show that they purchased JOHN BULL whilst away, and that, before leaving, they instructed their newsagent to recommence regular delivery immediately on their return.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

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..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 2/7/32

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

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Name and Address of Newsagent. .....

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..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 2/7/32

CASH THE COUPONS!

JOHN BULL'S PEN OFFER

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.*

Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3d

STARTLING 'BULLETS' FIRST HEADS 50 BIG HOLIDAY CHEQUES

TEN THOUSAND POUNDS

—all to be distributed by "John Bull" in the sensational series of Record Holiday Offers launched this week! Begin your campaign to-day—and one of this week's 50 fine Holiday Prizes may solve your holiday problems on July 28.

£500 and £10 HOLIDAY CHEQUE EACH YEAR FOR LIFE

OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £600 CASH

£50 £40 £30 £20 £19 £18 £17
£16 £15 £14 £13 £12 £11
£10 £9 £8 £7 £6 £5

30 PRIZES OF £2·10

500 OF 2/6

2,000 'RED SEAL' TARGETS
8,000 'TARGETS'

FIFTY BIG HOLIDAY PRIZES—ENTER BY JULY 9

AGAIN all *Bullets* records are shattered by JOHN BULL! During the next few weeks the colossal sum of £10,000 in Holiday Prizes will be won by entrants of good *Bullets*.

This week's opening prize-list of a sensational series is headed by a bumper First of £500, in addition to which the winner will be presented with a £10 Holiday Cheque every August as long as he lives. A fine prize, indeed—but remember that it is only one of fifty splendid awards of holiday cash, the others being substantial sums ranging gently down from £50 to £2 10s.

Before starting on your *Bullets*, run through your copy of JOHN BULL or newspaper, and jot down in one or two sentences the gist of the chief articles and items of news With these fresh in your mind, read through the *Examples* for this contest, and some will certainly link themselves up in your mind with those jottings before you.

Each of these ideas is worth developing further. Compress it carefully into TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment, fitting the *Example* closely and conveying your meaning clearly.

For instance, using the *Example* FLOURISHING EMPIRE, you might complete a *Bullet* by adding the words, UNLESS OTTAWA'S "STONY GROUND."

Now study the good points of the winning *Bullets* printed below, noting particularly the simple words chosen by those who constructed these efforts. Then you will be ready to spend an interesting half-hour on constructing some good *Bullets* yourself, making sure that your entry is in by Saturday, July 9.

£762 10s. CASH AND 20 RADIO SETS AWARDED.

FIRST PRIZE OF £600, COMPETITION No. 853:

Mr. H. HAYNES, 33, Avenue Road, Sheffield.
Example:—THEIR CAR
Bullet:—CREATES SENSATION—SCENTS CREATION.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. H. H. RYLEY, 27, Duncan Road, Manchester.
Example:—Coward's Way Out
Bullet:—Ends Everything—Mends Nothing.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. D. McPHERSON, 44, Marina, St. Leonards-on-Sea.
Example:—Pat On The Back
Bullet:—Only "Butter" Taxpayer Gets.

20 WINNERS OF RADIO SETS:

G. A. BICHENO, 263, Waterloo Road, London, S.E.
Giant Despair—Jill Often Plays "Jack."

A. W. K. BRUMWELL, 24, Northumberland Square, North Shields.
Giant Despair—"Eats" You—*Then* Kills.

J. T. CAIRNS, Silkstone, near Barnsley.
Moor Bandit—Feared—Auntie Removes Aspidistra!

A. DAVIES, 4, New Inn Place, Resolven, Glam.
After The Match—"Carry Yer, Mister?"
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mrs. A. ELLIS, 7, Bay View Road, Colwyn Bay.
Seething Mob—One Job—That's Britain's!

R. M. FANSHAWE, Parsloes, St. Peter's Port, Guernsey, C.I.
In Her Power—He's "Jelly." However "Set."

J. L. GARLAND, 23, Old Dover Road, Blackheath, S.E.
Their Car—Neighbourhood's Latest—World's Earliest.

J. GOOD, 25, High Street, Pelsall, near Walsall.
The Country—Inviting—Make Yourself Welcome!

W. R. HALL, 119, Wykeham Road, Reading.
With Open Arms—Wife *And* Atlantic Waiting.

W. G. LOWE, Pressingfield, Diss.
He's Getting On, So—That Explains The "Stiffness."

L. J. McMANUS, 9, Pinck Street, London, S.E.
The Government's Innings—"Test" For The "Splice."

T. A. MIDDLETON, 15, Elvet Bridge, Durham City.
Now Dad's Rich—"English Gentleman"—But English ——.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

W. MILSOM, 29, College Drive, Bebington.
Giant Despair—"Forcing Attentions" On Spinster.

B. MORGAN, 260, St. Vincent Street, Birmingham.
Now Dad's Rich—"H" Provides Next Rung.

Mrs. E. PETHERICK, 2, The Paddock, Dover.
With Open Arms—Prodigal's Father—Ears, Brother.

A. RICHARDSON, 108, Victoria Road, Chatham.
Standing Still—Won't Make You "Pillar."

T. RIDDELL, 40, Carter Street, C.-on-M., Manchester.
Their Car—"Sacrifice"—But Ye Gods!

R. T. ROBERTS, "Clwydian Cottage," Vale Street, Denbigh.
His Idea—"Taken Up"—"Lifted" Him.

H. SHIRES, 43, Park Road, Bingley, Yorks.
Now Dad's Rich—Alters Accent—Accentuates Alteration.

Mrs. WHITEHOUSE, 18, Spital Terrace, Gainsborough.
The Country — Hungry — Tighten Empire "Belt"!

A list of 25 £1 and 500 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

BONUS OFFER RESULT.—The £300 Bonus offered in connection with "Bullets" 851 has been increased to allow each of the 953 competitors whose claims were in order to receive a payment of 6s. 4d. cash. These awards have been despatched. List at "John Bull's" Offices.

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE
FREE "BULLETINS"

Our free weekly help for would-be winners is waiting to help you into the prize-list. Make sure of a copy every Thursday by completing this coupon.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "and Co.," payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.
(Do not enclose this coupon with your "Bullets")

BOLD ADVANCE IN 'BULLETS' £10,000 HOLIDAY CAMPAIGN NEXT WEEK

STILL BIGGER FIRST HEADING ANOTHER 50 HOLIDAY PRIZES

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 856

FLOURISHING EMPIRE	WHATEVER WE DO	SINNERS
AFTER THE CONFERENCE	FIGHTING	ALL THROUGH
TURN OF THE WHEEL	TO THE SWIFT	OUR CHARLADY
THUNDER IN THE AIR	WE FEAR	LIKE A FURNACE
NATURE'S PROGRAMME	SECRETLY	VILLAGE WEDDING
KNOCKING AT MY DOOR	BABBLING BROOK	OUT IN THE OPEN
ODOUR OF SANCTITY	SLUM PARSON	BUSINESS WOMAN
THEY TALKED FOR HOURS, BUT	HOWLS	CUT OFF
WHEN SHE STOPPED	POOR JOKE	MOVING SCENE
MODERN COURTSHIP	LOVE'S PRISONER	LITTLE TERROR
HE WANTED A REST, SO	ALWAYS SMILING	

Example_____
Bullet

Example_____
Bullet

(856) Closing SAT. July 9. | P.O. No. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d | Signed | Address

Example_____
Bullet

Example_____
Bullet

(856) Closing SAT. July 9. | P.O. No. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s | Signed | Address

Example_____
Bullet

Example_____
Bullet

(856) Closing SAT. July 9. | P.O. No. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed | Address

Example_____
Bullet

Example_____
Bullet

(856) Closing SAT. July 9. | P.O. No. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. | Signed | Address

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry:—"Bullets" No. 856, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

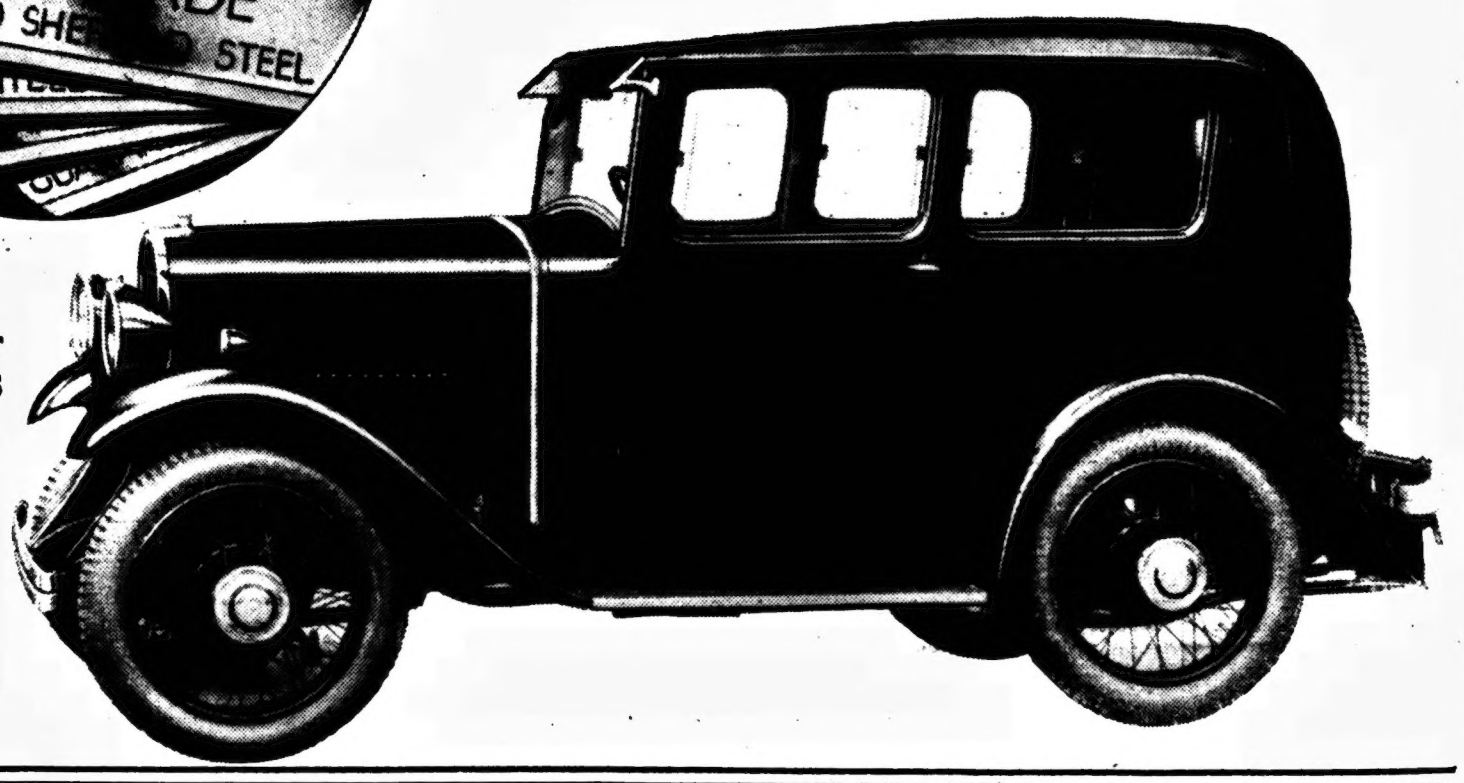
SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 856 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 852 will be displayed in the window of Messrs. L. B. Fox and Co., 4, Fore Street, Ipswich.

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

This "TRIUMPH" LUXURY SALOON

FREE THIS WEEK



5 POINTS ABOUT SHARD BLADES

S *harper edge*
H *andy packing*
A *ll-British make*
R *emain keen longer*
D *on't pay more—* 6d. *for* 4

Simple Quick-Result Contest · Must be Won by Mon. July 11 · Open to all

HOW TO WIN YOUR CAR

HERE is an opportunity to shave at less cost and at the same time win a splendid new Triumph Super Seven Luxury Four-door Saloon.

Shard blades are 6d. for 4. Why pay more? To introduce these blades to a still wider public a superb Triumph car will be presented this week as the prize in a simple and fascinating contest.

All you are asked to do is to give *your* opinion briefly of Shard Blades.

Get a packet of Shard blades from your dealer Shard blades are sold everywhere, including Boots, Taylors, Parkes, Halfords and W. H. Smith & Sons. Then write down your opinion in not more than twelve words. Shard Razor Blades are packed in a patent Cellophane-wrapped packet.

Write your opinion on the Entry Form on the right, giving your name and address, and enclose your entry together with the *front* of your Shard packet.

Post it to:—*Contest No.* 1, Shard Blades, C. L. Shard & Co., Ltd., 212/214, Great Portland Street, London, W.1. Closing date—noon, Monday, July 11th.

Send in as many entries as you like in a sealed envelope with a 1½d. stamp affixed. Write in ink—address bold.

The prize will be awarded for the entry that is most apt and original in its reference to Shard blades and the contest will be adjudicated by a Committee of experts.

The winner of Contest No. 1 will be notified by post and will be announced in the "Daily Herald" on July 14th.

The decision of the judges is final in this competition and no correspondence can be entered into.

C. L. SHARD & CO., Ltd.,
212/214, Great Portland Street,
London, W.1.

Museum 2031.

Triumph Super Seven Coachbuilt Saloon

This superb Triumph Saloon has: 3-bearing crankshaft, vibrationless engine, Lockheed hydraulic 4-wheel brakes, rear petrol tank, four doors with no central pillars, sliding roof, dipping headlights, safety-glass windscreen, and absolutely complete equipment.

List Price **£165 - 0 - 0**

Delivered free to your home in Great Britain.

HERE IS YOUR ENTRY FORM

SHARD BLADES CONTEST No. 1.

.....

.....

.....

I agree to accept the judges' decision as final and legally binding.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

(Write clearly—in ink.) J.B.1

SHARD BLADES 6D for 4

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